YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

5¢ MAY 19
VOL. 2, NO. 48
1944

By the men . . . for the men in the service

3 IN A PILLBOX

The Story of the Second Battle of Bougainville

PAGE 2

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Less than 100 yards from the enemy's positions, Pfc. Leonard Cooper of Altoona, Pa., and S/Sgt. Michael Pistner of Du Bois, Pa., nonchalantly sit in a Bougainville OP and radio back directions to our artillery.

Isolated and facing starvation, the Jap forces launched a desperate assault against two seasoned U. S. divisions. When the battle was over, 7,000 of the Japs were dead.

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN, YANK Staff Correspondent

EMPRESS AUGUSTA BAY, BOUGAINVILLE, THE SOLOMONS—Battles are not like the ones they show in the movies; at any rate the Second Battle of Bougainville was not. Most American soldiers, after all, are just civilians in uniform, who carry over to the battlefield many of their peacetime habits and points of view. The result is a strange melee of the grim and the unconsciously comic.

Like thousands of other Jap soldiers on the by-passed Shortlands, Choiseul, Buka, New Britain and New Ireland, the Japs on Bougainville were faced with the choice of starving because their supply lines had been cut or of making suicidal attacks against the American military machine. Four months after our seizure of the Empress Augusta Bay beachhead, the Japs on Bougainville chose to fight. They were composed of the picked Jap Imperial Marines and one of Japan's most celebrated army outfits, the 6th Division, veterans of six years' fighting in China and of the rape of Nanking. The U. S. forces on the beachhead were the Americal Division, veterans of Guadalcanal, and the 37th Division, veterans of New Georgia and Vella Lavella. Both outfits have spent more than two years in the Pacific.

In the Second Battle of Bougainville, there were great numbers of maimed and dead on both sides. Some 7,000 Japs were believed killed in their assault on the prepared U. S. positions, and our forces counted 20 Jap dead to one American.

As I rode up to the battlefront, just past Coffin Corners on Major Fissell Highway, I was confronted by a bold sign: "ALL SIGHTSEERS FORWARD OF THIS AREA WILL BE ARRESTED." Up at the front somebody explained that kibitzers from corps headquarters, service-command and combat outfits not currently in the line had been scooping up all the best souvenirs and even getting in the way of the shooting. The fighting infantrymen were pretty bitter about it.

The matter came to a head during the battle when a marine darted forward under fire to relieve a fresh-killed Jap officer of his saber and pistol. A rifle poked out of a foxhole at the officer's feet and covered the marine. "I killed that Jap to get those souvenirs," said the soldier in the hole, "and I'll kill you, if I have to, to keep them." The marine retreated.

While the infantrymen were still too busy to hunt souvenirs, one fearless GI businessman trotted back and forth, bringing out fallen Jap rifles and selling them at $30 apiece. Another souvenir hunter refused $150 for a Jap light machine gun with bayonet attachment.

Eventually order was established. Some one called in the MPs. Since then the fighters have been left more to themselves.

This bizarre souvenir hunting during battle had a variety of explanations. For one thing, the Japs' tactics were to concentrate all their force at one point, throwing as much as a regiment against a 100-yard-wide stretch of wire. Consequently battlefields were often only the size of a football field or even of a couple of tennis courts. This meant that sightseers could walk up almost to the scene of the fighting itself in comparative safety.

For another thing, the Bougainville beachhead in four months of occupation had become so American that it was sometimes easy to think of it as a secure corner of the States. A couple of hundred yards from the Americal Division front, for instance, ambulances and trucks rolling forward came upon a warning in red: "DANGER. STEEP HILL. LOW GEAR."

But the principal explanation lay in the character of the enemy himself. In front-line pillboxes a popular subject for debate was whether the Japs were (*a*) crazy, (*b*) dumb or (*c*) literally dopey. Many thought (*c*) was the correct answer; a lot of Japs carried a soft brown pill, believed to be a narcotic.

One Jap, not yet classified, walked down a trail outside our lines carrying an American helmet and (upon the word of the GI who shot him) whistling "Yankee Doodle." Another Jap, in a foxhole a few yards from American positions, raised his head to yell: "What's the score, Joe?" Before any unsuspecting Yank could put up his own head to reply, a GI off on a flank answered the Jap with an accurate shot.

During the fighting I visited Bloody Hill (Hill 260) outside the Americal front. An acting MP came up, and I thought for a minute that I was back in basic training. A group of us had gathered around to hear about a Jap trick that cost us four dead and 22 wounded the day before, a couple of hundred yards down the east slope.

"Spread out, fellows," the MP interrupted us. "The colonel will get sore if he sees a lot of guys together. Too many get killed at one time."

We spread. We didn't want the colonel sore.

Then, at longer range, we heard the rest of the story: A patrol had succeeded in pinning down the Japs occupying several pillboxes. When five Japs raised their hands and stood up in full view, the Americans ceased firing and came out in the open, too. An interpreter told the Japs to throw down their weapons and promised them that they would not be harmed. Suddenly a wounded Jap in shorts, apparently an officer, screamed something, and the Japs dived back into their holes. Instantly mortar fire lobbed out at the exposed Americans, hitting 26. The patrol had to withdraw.

The hilltop where we were chatting was jointly occupied by Americans and Japs at that very moment. The Japs were dug in 75 yards from us, beneath the roots of a banyan tree.

Down the hill below us resounded the "dat-da

Sketches by Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh, YANK Staff Artist in the South Pacific.

EYEWITNESS DRAWING SHOWING ACTION AGAINST THE JAPANESE BY THE 37TH (OHIO) DIV. ON BOUGAINVILLE

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dat-da dat-da dat-da" of a machine gun, the "pow-pow" of M1s, the "pha-lot" of 4.2-inch mortars and the hammering "baa-da-da-banh" of 90-mm guns. The Japs on the hill with us were quiet for a change, although two-inch slugs of shrapnel occasionally struck in our area.

A group of Americans off to one side had a burner going under coffee, and medics in an aid station in a log-covered pillbox were busy sprinkling sulfanilamide into the fresh wounds of soldiers who drifted in periodically. Getting hit was regarded as an occupational hazard, and nobody seemed to worry about it.

The colonel was not sore about anything when we met him. He volunteered to put a barrage of 4.2-mortar shells on the Jap positions just to show that the U. S. marksmen on Bougainville, shooting 1,400 yards from far below us on the flat beachhead, could lay shells 25 yards from our own men.

But before the colonel could put on his mortar show, the telephones from the beachhead reported that our 155-mm guns were going to maul the Japs a little. Everyone on the hilltop got into holes to escape the 155 shrapnel. "On the way," shouted a fellow at the phones, and then the shells came over, crackling like ripped newspaper. The ground shivered as they hit.

Then the colonel called for his mortars. The shell bursts walked across the Jap holes, planting bushes of black smoke with brilliant blossoms of red-orange flame.

Another colonel, inventor of a Rube Goldberg flame thrower, agreed to demonstrate it. We scooted through shallow trenches to a spot 25 yards from the Japs. The colonel's invention consisted of cans of gasoline fastened to rods that fit into the mouth of a mortar. In quick succession he lobbed six cans into the Jap holes, but the mortar got so hot that the next can burst into flame and spilled only a few feet in front of the barrel. The colonel apologized; the device was not perfected yet, he said.

All of this finally succeeded in waking up the Japs or getting them sore. A Jap knee-mortar shell suddenly exploded 15 feet from us and sent me to the hospital along with two other GIs. The shell blast felt like a board slamming flat against my chest, but I didn't notice the small wounds from the fragments until moments later.

The shell served at least two purposes. It demonstrated to my satisfaction that you never know about the one that gets you until most of the damage has been done. And it labored the point that, for all the sporting flavor, this pocket-sized war was the real game and for keeps.

Among the GIs who thought the Japs were dopey was Pfc. John W. Colvard of Tallahassee, Fla., assistant BAR gunner in an Americal unit. He and Pfc. John C. Buntain of Paris, Ill., were credited with killing 20 or 30 Japs with BARs, while mortars directed from the same pillbox took care of 50 more.

"You'd shoot one," Colvard said, "and he'd never look at you—he'd just keep on walking. Some were armed; some weren't. Most of them were just carrying sacks. We shot the Japs till they lay still. Then we shot them some more sometimes. I figured they were just doped up or dazed or something from so much shelling."

The two men did their firing from a pillbox

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a jeep, an American watches curiously as a big MP takes a little Jap prisoner to the rear.

alongside a Jap supply trail. Jap mortar shells finally drove them out after three days.

T/Sgt. Denis J. Fullerton of Lexington, Mass., an Americal platoon sergeant who was converted into a stretcher case by the mortar shell that broke up the demonstration of the home-made flame thrower, leaned to the theory that the Japs were bomb-happy. "We were picking them off all morning," Fullerton said. "The Japs would stand up there on the hilltop, shell-shocked, I suppose. My men got seven who did that today."

According to Pfc. Sebastian B. Porretto of New York, N. Y., the Japs acted "sort of happy-go-lucky, as if they didn't give a damn." Porretto set an ambush for the Japs 3,500 yards beyond our lines. With 12 bullets he killed nine and got one possible, although in training back in the States he had failed to win an expert rifleman's medal. "I didn't give a damn in the camp," Porretto explained. "But here I just shot when it counted. Just took my time, kept cool and, damn, I got them."

"I'D say they're a poor class of fighter the way they go at it," commented Pfc. Harold R. Mueller of Jamestown, N. Dak., who refused corporal's stripes to keep his BAR. "In a set-up like this, they could never whip us. That's for sure." Mueller was credited with 35 Japs but insisted he and the two others in his hole got at least half the 158 Japs whose bodies littered their positions after an attack on that part of the line.

"It seems to me they don't give a damn whether they live or die so long as they get in," said Mueller. He spotted one Jap officer trying to get into a pillbox and shot him. Instantly there was a terrible bawling, and Japs spilled wildly out of a banyan tree near the fallen officer. "It seemed they all wanted to get out at the same time," Mueller said. "I just mowed them down. I figured I got 25 or 30."

Some Japs came down a gully below Mueller's pillbox one night. "They were all columned up," said Sgt. Dominic Verde, a BAR man from Brooklyn. "They seemed to come in close-order drill." Maybe the Japs liked each other's company. Anyway, their close formation also pleased Mueller, Verde and the third man in the box with them—Pvt. Jim Holtz. Mueller and Verde opened fire with BARs, and Holtz rolled grenades down the slope. Hearing the grenades, the Japs prodded for mines. Next morning 54 Jap corpses lay there.

"The Japs are dumber'n hell," insisted S/Sgt. Delfred G. Sadler of Neponset, Ill. "Either they've got lots of guts or they're dopey. I think they're dopey." One Jap officer tossed his pack over a fence and then climbed over the top after it. Sadler got him against the skyline.

Throughout the battle, the Japs seesawed between shrewd know-how and striking ignorance.

When the Jap artillery opened up, it directed some embarrassingly accurate fire on a number of key objectives. Several times each of the three airfields had to shut down for a few hours, and when 50 shells landed on it, an Americal regiment's rest area suddenly became an unhealthy place to rest.

The Japs also displayed an amazing ability to infiltrate. At one point they tunneled under the barbed wire and kept on crawling deeper into our area all night long, creeping from bush to tree, through our communication trenches and even from one heap of dead to the next. One group of Japs opened a grave we had dug for others killed two days earlier and huddled among the corpses. Still another Jap used a latrine hole as a pillbox; Sgt. Charles F. Kandl of Easton, Pa., got him with a rifle grenade.

Sadler told how the Japs sneaked through our wire with incredible stealth and silence. "But once they're inside," he said, "they stand up and give orders. One Jap shouted: 'All carbines, cease firing.' Unfortunately for him and his men, we didn't. Another Jap called out: 'Where are you, F Company?' They knew who we were, all right."

In contrast to this cunning, there were instances of stupidity. After penetrating 300 yards behind our lines and reaching a battalion CP, 50 Japs were dumb enough to sit down placidly for breakfast at dawn, the very moment our tanks rolled in for the counterattack. A point-blank hit with a 75 HE shell made one Jap vanish like a stooge in a magic show, and soon all the rest were dead. One of our major casualties was the battalion victory garden where the encounter took place.

THE Japs broke most of the rules in the book. On Hill 600 they attacked frontally in waves, just what our machine-gunners would have ordered. The overwhelming automatic firepower facing the Japs proved too much for them, and 700 were slaughtered in one day. Every time they pierced our lines they seemed to march into one of our 37-mm antitank guns, mounted for antipersonnel use. They could hardly be blamed for that, however, because those guns were everywhere.

Pfc. Larry Haselhuhn of Rogers City, Mich., said the Japs were afraid only of flame throwers. "They're not scared of our bullets," he said. "Throw thermite bombs, and they'll throw them right back at you." All in all, he thought the Japs were "pretty slick" fighters, but that didn't keep him from getting seven verified plus "a lot banged up" with his light machine gun at the foot of Hill 260. Haselhuhn had plenty of respect for the Jap knee mortars. "They can lay them in on you," he said; "don't let anyone kid you about that. They can drop a shell in your hip pocket." I had good reason to agree with him.

Our tanks brought a varied reaction from the Japs. In the Americal sector, the big Jap Imperial Marines, ranging from 5 feet 6 to more than 6 feet, "laughed at the tanks, ran up to them and threw grenades and Molotov cocktails on the backs to set them afire," according to Cpl. Fred Angelo of Schenectady, N. Y., commander of a light tank. "They couldn't harm the tanks, not with the bean shooters they had," he said. "We mowed them down with the bow gun."

In another sector, the 37th Division was facing Jap soldiers of the 6th Division, some of them so small they looked like dolls. When the tanks struck, a few of the Japs jumped from their foxholes and ran, a maneuver that proved as fatal as the marines' daring.

What caused the most comment among the Americans was the Jap knack of digging in anywhere, any time. "They dig in while you're shooting at them," said Haselhuhn. "I was firing with a machine gun at one fellow, and dirt was coming out all the time."

Sgt. Sadler agreed. "If they get three shovelfuls out," he said, "you can't hit them."

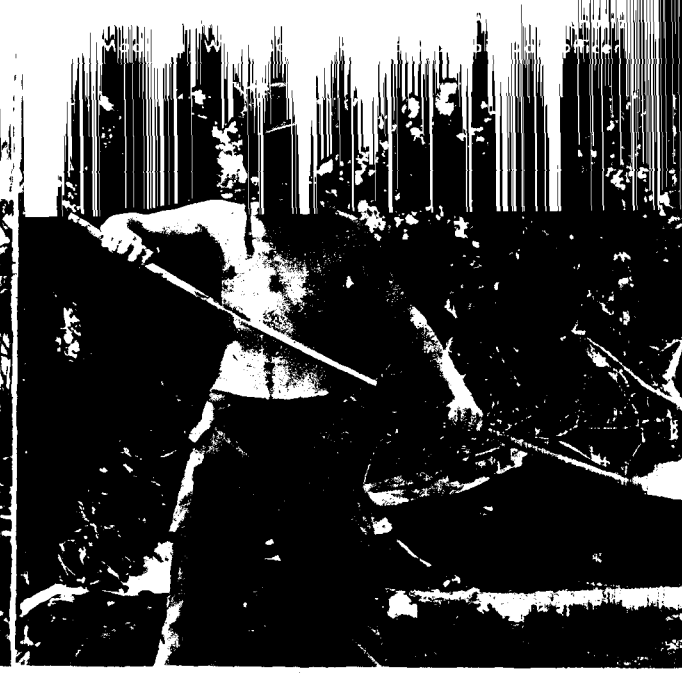
A few Japs tried to tunnel into tenanted American foxholes but without success. The foxholes the Japs dug inside our lines after breakthroughs were not much wider at ground level

Using their tank as a table, Sgts. Elmore Sackett and Arnold Parillo sample chow brought up from the rear.

With a BAR, Pvt. Raymond Vozelli of Philadelphia, Pa., disposed of 30 Japs found near his pillbox.

A Reising gun comes in handy if you're 150 yards from your lines, like Sgt. Oron Banks of Shaw, Ill.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Sgt. Alva Shipman of Robinson, Ill., keeps watch while Pfc. Herman Tarlton of Herod, Ill., reads mail.

than a man's torso, but at the bottom they were burrowed forward. Practically the only way for a GI to kill the Jap occupant with a rifle was to get behind the hole and shoot in at an angle.

Advance American patrols often heard the pounding of axes as Japs chopped logs for their dugouts. 2d Lt. Carl D. Johnson of San Francisco, an Americal platoon leader, was 4,500 yards outside our lines when he heard a wood-chopper, and presently he found himself in one of the battle's most remarkable hand-to-hand duels—a slugfest with rifle butts.

The lieutenant's carbine misfired as he leveled it at a little moon-faced Jap only an arm's length away. In too-cramped a position to return fire, the Jap swung his long Arisaka rifle as a club, slamming the flat side of the stock across the lieutenant's head. The last thing the lieutenant remembered doing before he passed out was pulling the butt of his own rifle out of the Jap's forehead. Mechanically he had dashed it in up to the oiler. He was out for 20 minutes but got back to the lines all right.

"THE Jap officers may be brilliant," said Lt. Raymond H. Ross of Medford, Oreg., "but the men are sure dodos." Lt. Ross is head of the Dime-a-Dozen Club, a 10-man group of volunteer Americal snipers. The lieutenant has agreed to pay 10 cents out of his own pocket to each member of the club who kills 12 Japs, each kill to be witnessed by at least one other club member. So far the club has 21 victims, but no member has an individual total of 12. Two of the club members have been killed, and two are MIA.

"The Japs have always been so damned ignorant," Lt. Ross said. "We'll go behind their lines and kill three or four, and next day we'll go back and do it all over again. Out in the rear of Hill 260 on the fork of the Torokina River, four Japs came down the trail in their pajamas. It looked as if they had just had breakfast. They evidently didn't expect us until 0800 or 0900. We blew them all to hell with M1s. Not that they're not brave fighters. They fight like wildcats. But they're so easy to catch."

Some of the Jap officers also are far from model warriors, Lt. Ross said. On one patrol the Dime-a-Dozen Club, plus a large party that had gone out with them on the job, spotted a Jap officer and managed to surround him with 69 men before he suspected anything. Lt. Ross whistled because he felt guilty about shooting him in the back. Then, as the officer turned, the lieutenant shot him through the buttocks. He wanted to take him prisoner. The Jap officer played dead until Lt. Ross approached and then leaped at him bare-handed. A BAR man sliced the Jap officer in two, from the belly through the head.

S/Sgt. Ralph E. Brodin of Spooner, Minn., who said he joined the Dime-a-Dozen Club to earn the down payment on a ring for his girl, a WAC corporal, was the leading enlisted man in the group, with three Japs to his credit. Lt. Ross was showing the way with eight, plus another five for which he couldn't get club credit because there were no club witnesses.

One Dime-a-Dozener, S/Sgt. Harry E. Schulte of Gary, S. Dak., was not a rifleman but a mortarman. "I joined the club," he said, "with the idea of getting a few Japs with the old rifle, I guess, instead of indirectly." He had two so far. Schulte was also doing OK at his platoon job. On top of Hill 608 he had a home of canvas, bamboo and sandbags, labeled "Sky Room."

Across a 700-foot-deep ravine from Schulte was Hill 11-11, from which the Japs were firing 77s and 47s for a while, taking advantage of the jungle cover that prevented the Americans from locating them. But Schulte figured out a system. For hours he stared at the green slope, waiting for a gun flash. When it came, he fired instantly with his 50-caliber machine gun and kept up tracer bursts until our heavy artillery could come in on the target pointed by Schulte's fingers of flame. A Jap 47 objected one day and threw several rounds at Schulte, but the gangling farmer boy said: "I got in the last shot. I don't know whether he ran out of ammunition or got tired or what."

Like everybody else on the beachhead who didn't want to go nuts, the Dime-a-Dozen Club looked for laughs even on patrol. Once they heard a noise in the jungle dark and stealthily surrounded the spot from which the noise had come. As guns pointed, they flashed on a jungle light. A slimy-tailed, terrier-sized ball of fur blinked in the glare. It was a "banana bear."

Another time Pfc. Richard Kowitz of St. Paul, Minn., had to lie still while a big green jungle spider with inch-long legs built its web under the peak of his helmet. A Jap was combing the area, and the slightest move would have spoiled Kowitz's camouflage. So he had to lie there and watch the spider spin. The club members thought the whole episode very funny.

The Dime-a-Dozeners worked out several new wrinkles in jungle fighting. In addition to blacking their faces and pulling their hats low over their eyes, the members painted their weapons OD. On large patrols, the men slept in groups, with a sturdy vine reaching under their arms so that a single jerk would awaken the whole party. That way, only three men needed to stay awake in a patrol of 40 or more.

NOT the least odd feature of the battle scene was the behavior of Jap prisoners in the stockade. Our men preferred killing Japs to capturing them, until a case of beer was offered for each captive. Most of the Jap prisoners were deep brown and quite pleased with life as they washed their laundry or did other personal chores inside the wire. One Jap with a splitting grin offered sun glasses to a group of GIs who were squinting into the sun to stare at him. Another prisoner cut out the characters in an American comic strip and decorated his tent with them. When Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh, YANK staff artist, sketched the stockade, one Jap asked to see the drawing. "Very good," he chuckled.

Two other Japs threw the Bougainville panorama into what was probably the correct focus. The first Jap clutched his army's favorite weapon, the bayonet, and charged a tank with it. The tank ran over him. The second Jap, a prisoner, asked permission to broadcast a message to his comrades over a front-line public-address system. "With our ancient ideas," he said to the other Japs, "how can we expect to win over the arms possessed by the civilized and world-prominent country of America?"

That seems to be just about the score. The Samurai swords, cruel weapons used for generations to lop off the heads of the Emperor's powerless enemies, are now mostly souvenirs for American curio collectors. Our automatic and heavy weapons are seeing to that.

When Sgt. Greenhalgh sketched the stockade, one Jap inspected his drawing and chuckled, "Very good."

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Branch Office, Army Information, MSD, War Department, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Reproduction rights restricted as indicated in the masthead on the editorial page. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly. Printed in the U. S. A.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THAT FELLOW WITH HIS HEELS IN THE AIR IS NO ACROBAT. HE'S GETTING TOSSED AROUND DURING HIS INVASION TRAINING IN NORTHERN IRELAND.

News from Home

ALBROOK FIELD, PANAMA CANAL ZONE — A recent mail call brought Sgt. Richard I. Mallon a letter 50 feet long, containing 68 messages.

Mrs. James L. Mallon, the sergeant's mother, mailed the lengthy correspondence from her home in Morrisburg, Ontario, Canada. Included were greetings from the GI's Canadian townsfolk and from friends in St. Louis, Mo., and New York.

Mrs. Mallon pieced the messages together in her home and then rolled them up and forwarded them. One part of the message was the work of a neighbor's child, who conveyed her thoughts in drawings. The editor of the Morrisburg newspaper passed along the town gossip.

But the message that gave Sgt. Mallon the most food for thought came from the town undertaker. He closed his letter this way: "Hope to see you soon."

—Sgt. ROBERT G. RYAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

"Safe Hand" Delivery

CALCUTTA, INDIA—In the spring of 1943, Lt. Patrick J. McFaul received a letter from his wife in New Orleans, La., telling him that she had lost her wedding ring.

The lieutenant bought another right away and sent it back from India by "safe hand," giving it to Lt. Raymond J. Flannagan of New York City, a ferry pilot returning to the States.

Several months passed, but Mrs. McFaul didn't receive the ring, and by September her husband was convinced that it had been lost. He bought another ring, air-mailing it home; it reached Mrs. McFaul in 10 days.

Then, in February 1944, 10 months after her husband had sent it to her by "safe hand," Mrs. McFaul received the first ring with a letter explaining the delay.

Lt. Flannagan was shot down over North Africa on his return trip to the States, when enemy fighter planes attacked his B-17. He reached civilization 33 days later. The only personal article he had saved was the ring.

Then he was laid up in a North African hospital with an attack of malaria and decided to give the ring to another ferry pilot en route to the States, with instructions to mail it to Mrs. McFaul as soon as he arrived.

Somewhere over the South Atlantic, the second "safe hand" pilot's plane was forced down. When a passing boat picked him up several days later, all he had left was a pair of pants—and Mrs. McFaul's wedding ring. But he had lost the McFaul address, so he didn't know where to mail the ring.

In February the two "safe hand" messengers met accidentally in San Antonio, Tex., and Lt. Flannagan sent the ring to Mrs. McFaul. Now she has two wedding rings but only one husband—and he's still 12,000 miles away.

—Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

This Week's Cover

THESE three smiling soldiers, photographed in their pillbox at Empress Augusta Bay by YANK's Sgt. Dillon Ferris, fought in the Second Battle of Bougainville. They are (l. to r.) Pfc. Chester M. Williams of Philadelphia, Pa.; Pvt. Wayne H. Sammons of Los Angeles, Calif., and T/Sgt. Nicholas J. Tangorra of Rondout, Ill. With their 37-mm gun and other weapons, the trio slaughtered scores of attacking Japs. See page 2 for story of the Bougainville action.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover, 2, 4 & 5—Sgt. Dillon Ferris. 6—Upper left, PA; lower right, Sgt. George Aarons. 7—YANK Naples Bureau. 10 & 11—OWI. 12 & 13—Sgt. Steve Derry. 18—Upper left, AAF, Buckley Field, Colo.; lower right, PRO, Stewart Field, N. Y. 19—Upper left, Signal Corps, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind.; upper right, PA; center right, INP; lower right, Fredrick AAF, Okla. 20—Columbia Pictures. 23—INP.

Decoration

ENGLAND—In uniform or out? We, in our ignorance of the ladies and their ways, wouldn't know. But one Saturday night an attractive young T-4 Wac appeared in a London pub wearing a corsage of roses so large that it darn near covered up her Pallas Athene. —YANK London Bureau

Anzio Beachhead's Astonishing Sergeant Won His Stripes When He Was Only 12

ANZIO BEACHHEAD, ITALY—Don't pull that grenade pin until you've heard the whole story, men; this is no snow job. It's about a soldier on the beachhead who was a sergeant in the Regular Army at 12 and who today, at 18, has completed two hitches and won the Purple Heart with Oak Leaf Cluster. He's got his birth certificate and Army service record to prove it.

Sgt. Herman Graff was born July 30, 1925, in Mexico of German parents. He and his family moved to San Antonio, Tex., when he was 11. His father had been a German Army officer, and when young Herman learned to read the English under the pictures he saw in a U. S. Army recruiting office, he decided he'd "like to be one of Uncle Sam's boys in khaki and loll on old Hawaii's shores."

So one hot August day in 1937, Herman joined the Army. He lied about his age, but as he was 5 feet 7, the recruiting officer believed him. After passing his physical exam, Herman drew his uniforms and personal effects, including a razor, which he stowed away in the bottom of his barracks bag.

His first assignment was in the communications section of the 61st Field Artillery, and by the time he had finished only two months of basic training, he was promoted to buck sergeant.

Sgt. Graff served out the remainder of his hitch without any other spectacular advancements and was honorably discharged in August 1940—a veteran at the age of 15.

When civilian life proved dull, Herman reenlisted in San Antonio as a private in the 56th Cavalry Brigade, a National Guard outfit which was federalized Nov. 18, 1940. There he soon won a corporal's rating and was transferred in grade to his present unit.

He wanted to apply for OCS and told his astonishing story to his company commander, who sent the OCS application along with the approval of Graff's mother. But by the time the application was approved by a board, Graff was overseas with his outfit. In April 1943 he again was promoted to sergeant.

Later, while he was in an action on Mount Maggiore on the Cassino front, a shell-fragment wound put him out of action for 11 days. For this and for his bravery there, he got the Purple Heart and the Oak Leaf Cluster.

Sgt. Graff is a handy man around an orderly tent, according to his first sergeant, because he knows most Army regulations by heart and can quote complete passages from the manual.

Just now Old Soldier Graff has three ambitions. He wants to get his U. S. citizenship papers, and he'd still like to be an officer. He also hopes to be able to use that GI razor he still keeps in his barracks bag.

—Sgt. GEORGE AARONS
YANK Staff Correspondent

The boy grew older: Herman Graff at 18 on the Anzio beach. →

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GROUND SUPPORT IS MAJ. GEORGE LEE'S SPECIALTY BUT HE'S ACCOUNTED FOR THREE JERRY PLANES ON THE SIDE.

Ironman Pilot

Maj. George Lee, with 161 missions, has hung up a Mediterranean record.

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

AN AIRFIELD IN ITALY—At 24, Maj. George T. Lee of Norwood, Mass., is the youngest squadron commander in his fighter group but one of the oldest flyers in this theater as far as continuous combat service goes.

When we talked with him here recently, Maj. Lee had completed 161 missions—more than any other pilot in the Mediterranean area. He wears a Distinguished Flying Cross, an Air Medal with eight Oak Leaf Clusters and a four-starred European-African-Middle East Ribbon. The stars represent missions flown under all kinds of conditions in four major campaigns: the African desert, Tunisia, Sicily and Italy. Maj. Lee is the only pilot who has been in action ever since his original group landed at Port Tewfik on the mouth of the Suez Canal back on Nov. 12, 1942.

And he still fights off all attempts to ground him or send him back to the States for a rest. "I always manage to keep on passing the physical exams and to keep on talking the colonel out of grounding me," he says. "Of course, I could keep my job without flying. Some squadron COs don't fly at all, but I can't see that. If I'm overseas, I might just as well be flying."

Maj. Lee's record is remarkable because practically all of his missions have been in close support of ground troops—nerve-wracking work that usually grounds a pilot after 65 missions. His CO, Col. Earl Bates Jr. of Winnetka, Ill., says that "Maj. Lee is one of the most intrepid pilots we have."

Because the major has done more fighting against enemy ground forces than enemy air forces, he has shot down just three Jerry planes—one at Cape Bon during the wind-up of the Tunisian battle and two at Anzio. He dismisses them lightly, but he's had some close calls that can't be dismissed lightly or any other way.

One time, leading his squadron back from a raid, he saw German planes dive-bombing our troops and gave the order over the radio to let them have it. He didn't know that his microphone cord was broken just below his helmet and that the rest of the squadron could not hear a word he was saying.

After he turned and started chasing the 35 enemy planes, Maj. Lee discovered that he was all alone. His squadron had continued innocently home. Four Nazis started to buzz his tail, but he managed to escape them. Then seven more jumped him.

"How I got away the second time, I'll never know," he says. "Maybe they were told to carry out their mission and not to bother with anything else. They could have shot me down easily if they had kept at it. I almost bit the neck off a whisky bottle when I came back from that one."

Lee's record is no more remarkable than that of his group, which has been operating as a complete unit since Mar. 14, 1943, when it was assigned to bomb the Mareth Line. Up until Apr. 1 of this year, it had flown 16,397 combat sorties and 1,521 combat missions and had destroyed 109 planes.

These fighter-bombers have had some strange experiences. Capt. Risden Wall of Ridgeland, S.C., for instance, flew 82 missions before he even saw an unidentified plane. On his 83d mission, he spotted his first Jerry and shot him down.

Then there is Lt. Maurice Watkins of Knoxville, Ark., who received credit for a German plane without firing a round of ammunition.

Lt. Watkins was hit in the shoulder by a piece of flak while chasing a Messerschmitt over Sicily. Paying no attention to the numbness in his arm or to another Messerschmitt on his tail, he pressed the button to fire his guns. He saw tracers pass under his wings and watched the Jerry in front of him go down in flames.

Then another pilot in his squadron chased the second Messerschmitt off his tail. Despite his shattered shoulder, Lt. Watkins returned safely to his field. He reported that he had shot down a Jerry and went to get medical aid.

But the armorer who checked his guns discovered that they had not fired a round. Because of his wound, Lt. Watkins apparently had been unable to press the button hard enough. Evidently the Jerry in front of him had been shot down by the Jerry behind him.

After a long discussion, it was decided to give Lt. Watkins credit for the plane just the same. The theory was that he had really knocked it down by dodging the bullets from behind.

OLD-TIMERS in the group, like Maj. Lee, also like to tell about the time back in Africa when Maj. Guy Stewart, then communications officer, led a truck convoy up to the front lines to move the group's equipment into a new airfield. He was stopped by a British patrol.

"Do you know where you are, major?" asked the captain who was leading the patrol.

"I'm lost," admitted Maj. Stewart.

"The Germans were right here on this spot only an hour ago," said the captain. "We're looking for rear-guard action. You'd better turn back and get the hell out of here."

"I'm supposed to get this convoy to La Fauconnerie by 1600 and I'm going to do it," said Maj. Stewart, getting a little sore.

"You don't have any protection that I can see, major," said the captain.

"No, not even a machine gun," said Maj. Stewart. "But I've come this far without protection and I'll take a chance the rest of the way."

Twelve miles farther on, they were stopped by another British party, headed by a colonel.

"Where are you going, major?" he asked.

"This is the such-and-such fighter group of the U. S. Army, and we are going to La Fauconnerie," said Maj. Stewart.

"Don't you think you're a bit premature, major?" asked the colonel.

"How do you mean, sir?"

The colonel pointed back to a column of tanks far in the rear. "Well, sir," he explained, "you are ahead of the tanks and I think Gen. Montgomery would prefer to have them in front of the fighter-group airfields."

The colonel was right. The advance echelon of the fighter group was actually ahead of the British tanks. When Maj. Stewart's convoy reached La Fauconnerie at 1555, camp fires, left by the fleeing Germans, were still smoldering.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAVE YOU GOT Family Allowance Problems?

By Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Writer

NEWARK, N. J.—In less than two years the War Department's Office of Dependency Benefits has grown from a small-fry outfit handling peanuts into one of the biggest and most important financial operations in the world. Right now it's dishing out dough to your dependents at the rate of more than 4 billion dollars a year.

For the benefit of those who came in late, the Office of Dependency Benefits is the ASF set-up that adds Government money to money deducted from an enlisted man's pay and then sends the total to his dependents in the form of monthly *family allowances*. The ODB also handles Class E *allotments-of-pay*, which, unlike family allowances, are made up entirely of money forked over by the men and women of all ranks and which may be sent to banks and certain insurance companies as well as to dependents.

To get an idea of this unique agency's phenomenal growth, look at these figures: In September 1942, when the ODB mailed the first batch of family-allowance checks, fewer than 75,000 dependents of EM in the four lower grades received a mere 3½ million dollars. Today, with first-three-graders and aviation cadets in on the allowances deal, approximately 12 million dependents of Army men and women are either directly or indirectly receiving family allowances or Class E allotments-of-pay. During April alone they got 5½ million checks totaling $400,000,000. That's more than 100 times the amount the ODB sent to GI families in September 1942.

Obviously, the job of getting 5½ million checks into the right hands every month is no cinch. To get it done, several hundred Army officers and 9,000 civilians, occupying all floors of a modern skyscraper here in Newark, work in two shifts 16 hours a day. They have plenty to do.

Hundreds of trained clerks, handling a bigger business than the post office of South Bend, Ind., receive and classify as many as 142,000 letters a day. Hundreds of others answer beefs, keep a close tab on the eligibility of dependents and wear themselves to a frazzle trying to track down the scores of careless or indifferent Army relatives who move without notifying the ODB of their changes of address. One ODB department does nothing but keep dependents informed of the safeguards that exist for the protection of their checks from loss, theft and fraud.

In addition, a corps of Army officers and investigators, operating in a nation-wide network of Field Investigating Offices, continually polices to stamp out crooks and chislers out to get their paws on allowance and allotment money.

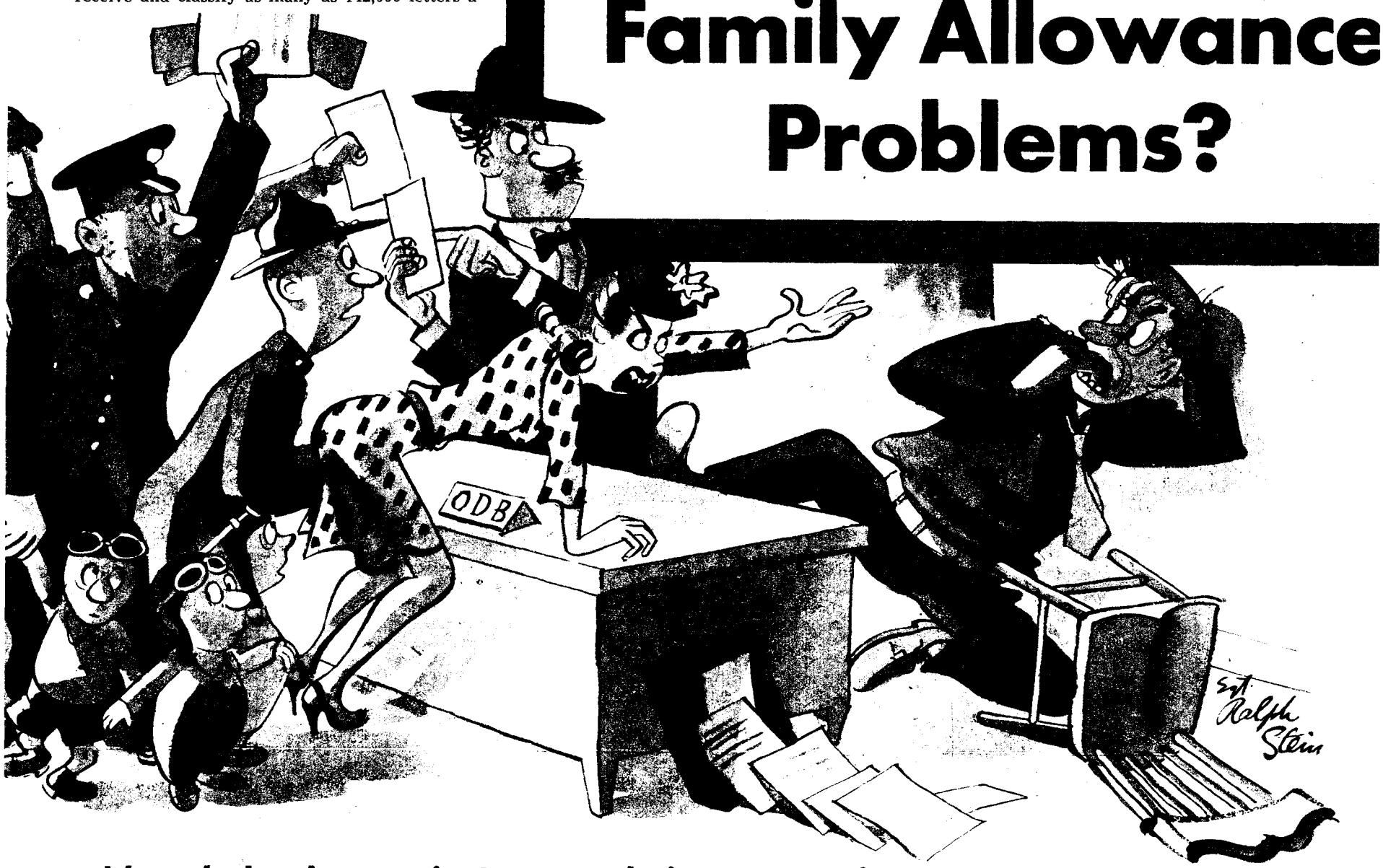
Despite all this elaborate protective machinery, things get snafued—and often. Regularly every month from 45,000 to 50,000 checks fail to reach their proper owners and are returned to the Newark office. That's only about 1 percent of the monthly total of checks mailed, but it represents a lot of people who depend on ODB money for their livelihood.

Why are the checks undelivered? Carelessness, the ODB says. If you have reason to believe your dependents aren't getting their checks regularly and on time, you ought to clip out the table of *Advice to Dependents* on the opposite page and send it to them. If your folks follow those instructions faithfully, it's a safe bet their checks won't get lost or stolen.

Undelivered checks constitute only a part of the ODB's problems. The biggest headache is caused by squawks. Inevitably, in an operation so involved and far-flung that every orderly room in the Army is an active part of it, errors of one sort or another are constantly cropping up. For instance, a company clerk in England screws up the application of a corporal who is trying to get an allowance for his dependent mother in Pennsylvania. Or a first sergeant in Australia forgets to note a change of status on the record of a private whose wife has just had a baby. Every time someone dopes off like that, it means delays, investigations and an eruption of boiling letters.

In addition to squawks over errors, there are thousands of others from both GIs and civilians who misunderstand the dependency-benefit laws and who consequently think they're being gypped when as a matter of fact they aren't. For example, a woman in California says that since she made many sacrifices to put her sergeant-son through high school and college, she ought to get an allowance; but the ODB says, no go—she's not a dependent. A pfc in Hawaii says that his wife is a slut and why in hell should he kick in with 22 bucks a month, especially since he knows she uses that money to make herself pretty for pick-ups. The ODB has to send that guy the polite equivalent of a TS slip, because, according to the law, he's stuck.

The ODB is trying to do something about the misunderstanding of the law as well as the errors. Recently at Newark, 650 enlisted men, chosen because they had financial or clerical experience as civilians, completed an intensive six-week course in all aspects of the allowance and allotment business. They are now being assigned to



Although the changes in ODB regulations concerning allowances have been in effect since last November, a lot of GIs and their dependents still don't know what it's all about. Here are some of the answers.

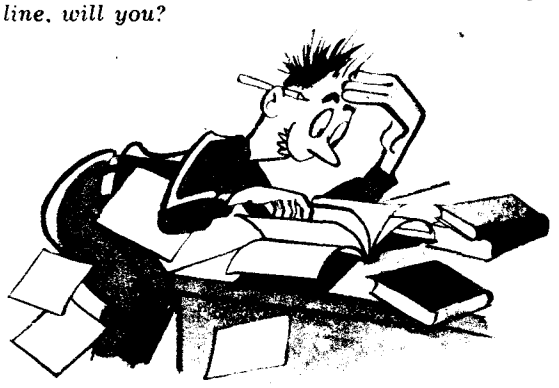
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

outfits at home and overseas to help harassed COs iron out their dependency difficulties.

That ought to help—in time. But if mail call at YANK's *What's Your Problem* Department is any index to the extent of GI allotment trouble, it's going to take a lot more than a streamlined battalion of guardhouse bankers to set things right. YANK's mail bags bulge at the seams with letters from guys who are tied in knots over family-allowance problems. They want to know what the score is *now*.

WE picked up a pile of the most typical of these letters and took them over to the ODB headquarters. There with the help of a battery of experts, we managed to get some official answers to the questions that, according to your mail, are bothering you most. If you take these questions and answers by the numbers, it ought to help you understand a lot about what gives at the ODB. Some of the problems raised are simple, others are fairly involved. Skip the ones that don't apply to your case.

Q. *Our company monkey has goofed off so much about the recent changes in the dependency-benefit lay-out that we're in a fog. Give us a break and list those changes in a straight line, will you?*



Last October Congress made seven major changes in the *Servicemen's Dependents Allowance Act of 1942*. These changes, which affect family allowances only, are:

1. Monthly payments to certain dependents have been increased.

2. Eligibility requirements have been broadened to include the dependents of first-three-graders and aviation cadets. Also, under certain conditions, the husbands of Wacs are now eligible to receive family allowances.

3. A new category of dependents called Class B-1 has been created. Before the law was amended there were only two classes of dependents—Class A and Class B. Class A hasn't been changed and still includes wives, children and divorced wives who are getting alimony. Class B, however, has been split into two groups. Under the new law, Class B-1 includes parents, brothers and sisters who depend on a soldier for *chief support*. ("Chief support" means that the EM is providing more than 50 percent of his dependent's income.) Class B includes the same persons when they are dependent upon the soldier for only a "substantial portion of their support," i.e., the EM provides something less than 50 percent of their income.

4. Draftees are now getting a break on the first month's family allowances. If a recruit applies within 15 days after his induction, his Class A and/or Class B-1 dependents will receive the first check on the house. The rookie doesn't have to begin ante-ing up until the second month. (Class Bs don't rate this free ride.)

5. Class B dependents can no longer get allowances if a Class B-1 dependent is named in the same application. Also, the payment to a soldier's Class B dependents combined cannot now exceed $37, no matter how many Class Bs there are.

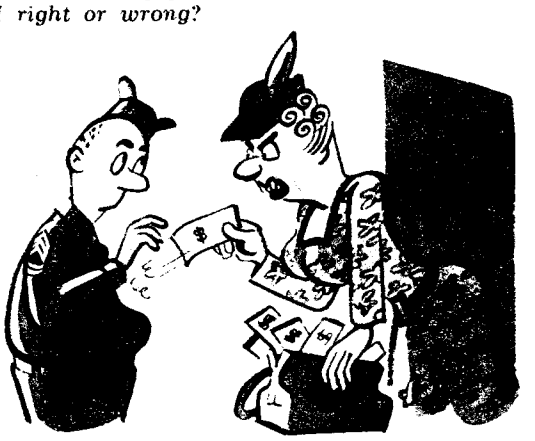
6. The eligibility of new dependents has been extended. Formerly, if you got married, or if your wife had a baby, or if there was a change in your dependent's economic status, the new dependent didn't become eligible until the month following the month in which the dependent applied. Now a wife or baby becomes eligible in the same month that a GI acquires them.

7. Family allowances have been extended in the case of the death of dependents. Formerly, entitlement to a family allowance ended as of the first of the month in which the dependent died. Now entitlement continues through the end of the month in which death occurs. The ODB Director decides who gets the last payment.

Q. *I'm a buck sergeant now, but I got reason to believe I'll get my first rocker soon. Will I have a chance to choose between 1) a family allowance for my wife and 2) a monetary allowance in lieu of quarters?*

No. Monetary allowances in lieu of quarters are out except for first-three-graders who were receiving, or who had applied for, such allowances on or before Nov. 1, 1943.

Q. *I'm a tech sergeant. My wife and I are separated but not divorced. She has applied for a family allowance. Can I refuse to kick in? I was not receiving monetary allowances in lieu of quarters at the time the new law went into effect. I hadn't applied for them either. But the way I hear it, family allowances for wives of fellows in my position are not compulsory. Am I right or wrong?*



Wrong. Class A dependents (wives, children, adopted children and divorced wives who get alimony) can with one exception collect a family allowance whether the soldier consents or not. The only EM who are exempt from this rule are the first-three-graders who were receiving, or who had applied for, monetary allowances in lieu of quarters on or before Nov. 1, 1943, and who elected to continue receiving them instead of taking out a family allowance. To make that perfectly clear, take a typical case. A tech sergeant was receiving monetary allowances in lieu of quarters on Nov. 1, 1943. At that time he had a chance to choose between continuing his monetary allowance and taking out a family allowance. He chose to keep the monetary allowance. Now, so long as he continues the monetary allowances, *his wife cannot take out a family allowance*. But—and this is important to remember—if he should ever change his mind and take out a family allowance, he'll never be able to go back to the monetary-allowance deal. The law says that once a first-three-grader has applied for a family allowance, he is no longer eligible to receive cash instead of quarters.

Q. *Say a master sergeant elects to continue getting monetary allowances in lieu of quarters. Is it compulsory for him to make out a Class E allotment-of-pay for his dependents equal to or more than the amount of his monetary allowance?*

Yes.

Q. *Can a mother who is dependent upon an enlisted man compel him to kick in with a family allowance?*

The ODB says no. Only Class A dependents (as noted above) can get a family allowance without the EM's consent. Under the law, Class B-1 and Class B dependents can "receive benefits only if the soldier agrees." There's been plenty of confusion and resentment over this point, especially among men overseas, who naturally take the law to mean that Class B-1 and Class B dependents can't get a family allowance under any circumstances without their consent. Actually, a considerable number of dependents in these classes have taken out allowances without the consent of the soldiers. Here's how the ODB explains the contradiction: In certain cases, where it isn't practicable for the soldier to apply, Class B-1 and Class B dependents may apply for him. The ODB then checks their applications, and if it appears, as a result of its investigation, that the dependents are worthy and otherwise eligible, a family allowance is granted. *But the soldier can stop payment at any time.* In other words, Class B-1 and Class B dependents can, in certain cases, *take out* a family allowance without the soldier's consent, but they can't *continue receiving it unless he says it's okay.*

Q. *My wife has just had a baby. It's our second. How much money will she get?*

$100 a month. Here are typical examples of the amended rates:

CLASS A DEPENDENTS

Wife (no child)	$50
Wife and one child	80
Wife and two children	100
For each additional child, an additional	20
Former wife divorced ... up to	42*
Former wife divorced and 1 child ... up to	72*
Former wife divorced and 2 children ... up to	92*
For each additional child, an additional	20
Child but no wife	42
For each additional child, an additional	20

* In no case will the monthly payment to a former wife divorced exceed $42.

CLASS B-1 DEPENDENTS

1 parent	$50
2 parents	68
1 parent and 1 brother or sister	68
2 parents and 1 brother or sister	79
1 brother or sister but no parent	42
For each additional brother or sister, an additional	11

CLASS B DEPENDENTS

1 Class B dependent or more than one	$37

(This amount is a flat rate, no matter how many dependents there are, and is payable only if there is no family allowance payable to any Class B-1 dependents.)

Q. *My wife and one of our children live in Philadelphia. I have two other children living with their aunt in Pittsburgh. Is it possible for the ODB to make out two checks and send one to my wife and one to the aunt for the other children?*

Yes, if the ODB decides the aunt is standing in the place of a parent to the two children. Class B-1 dependents may also get separate checks. But the Class B dependents of a soldier can get only one check.

Q. *My mother is getting a family allowance for $50. If I get married will she continue to get that $50, even though my wife will get $50, too?*

Yes, your mother will get the $50 as long as she is dependent upon you for chief support, and as long, of course, as you remain an EM.

Q. *My father is a Class B-1 dependent and is getting $50 a month from the ODB. I just got married last month and my wife has applied for a family allowance. How much will be deducted from my pay for both dependents?*

$27 a month. If a soldier has dependents in one class only, he contributes $22 a month. If he has dependents in any two classes, he contributes $27.

Q. *Here in Australia I have fallen in love with a girl and want to marry. If I do marry her, will*

Advice to Dependents Who Get Family-Allowance Checks

1. Be sure your name is plainly visible on the mail box.

2. Get the check personally from the postman every month, if possible. Ask him to signal you when he delivers it.

3. Endorse your check in the presence of the person who cashes it for you.

4. When you endorse it, write your name exactly as it appears on the check. If it's made out "Mary T. Jones," endorse it "Mary T. Jones." If it's "M. T. Jones," endorse it "M. T. Jones." If you use a mark, there must be two witnesses. Full addresses of those witnesses must be written on the check.

5. Cash your check, or if you put it in the bank, deposit it as soon after you get it as you can. Don't leave it lying around the house.

6. Cash the checks at the same place every month. This makes identification easier.

7. If you move, notify the ODB at once in writing, giving your new address, the soldier's name, his Army serial number and, if possible, your family-allowance application number. Also notify the local postmaster at your old address and the postmaster at your new address, in writing.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

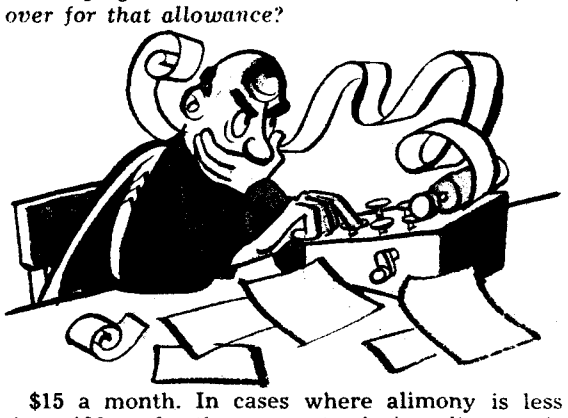
she be permitted to take out a family allowance?

Yes; many GI wives in Allied and neutral countries are receiving allowances.

Q. *My wife and daughter are in Greece. I am contributing $22 to their family allowance every month. But I know they're not getting the money, because Greece is an enemy-occupied country. What is happening to the money?*

The family-allowance checks of dependents who are in enemy-occupied countries are kept in the U. S. Treasury. When those countries are freed and U. S. mail can get to them, the checks will be sent to your wife and daughter.

Q. *My ex-wife is getting $15-a-month alimony out of me. If she gets a family allowance, as she's now trying to do, how much will I have to fork over for that allowance?*



$15 a month. In cases where alimony is less than $22, only the amount of the alimony is taken out of the soldier's pay. If alimony is $22 or over, he contributes $22. But the family allowance to a divorced wife to whom alimony is payable cannot be more than $42.

Q. *I applied for a family allowance for my wife in June 1943. She never got it, but 22 slugs were taken out of my pay every month until December 1943. At that time I was told to make out another application. They gave me back all the money I had put in, but actually my wife and I lost $168, counting the free $28 a month she should have collected from July to December. What can I do to get that $168?*

Make a copy of your family-allowance application from your service record, get your CO to certify it and send it to the ODB, 213 Washington Street, Newark, N. J. The ODB says that if you pay back the contributions that were refunded to you, you will be able to collect the $168.

Q. *Under the new rates, I thought my wife and two children were supposed to get $100. My wife writes me that she is still getting the $72 she got before the law was changed. What's wrong?*

Since Nov. 1, 1943, the ODB has had to convert almost 3 million family allowance accounts to conform to the new rates. This job is just about done, but there are still a few accounts yet to be changed. Your wife will get her converted allowance shortly. The sum missing in her payments since the new law went into effect will be included in a first-payment check.

Q. *What happens to a family allowance if a soldier deserts?*

Payment will stop the minute the ODB is notified of the conviction of a soldier for desertion, or after he has been AWOL for three months, whichever occurs first.

Q. *If I got a court martial, or got sick as the result of my own misconduct, would my family allowance still stay in effect?*

Yes; the allowance would be paid as long as your dependents remain eligible and as long as you remain an EM. However, if the court-martial sentence included a dishonorable discharge, your family allowance would be discontinued.

Q. *What happens to a family allowance if a soldier is reported missing in action or captured?*

The family allowance will continue as long as the dependents remain eligible.

Q. *Where can a sailor get information about family allowances? A marine? A Coast Guardsman?*

Navy: Chief, Bureau of Naval Personnel, Casualties and Allotments Section, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

Marine Corps: Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Coast Guard: Chief, Military Morale Division, U. S. Coast Guard Headquarters, 13th and E Streets NW, Washington, D. C.

Q. *My wife ran out on me for another guy two months after I got overseas. She is living with the guy and even has the gall to write me here in this stinking jungle and tell me about it. What the hell kind of a law is it that permits a lousy chippy like that to get her mitts into a soldier's pay, and him unable to do anything about it?*

This question about faithless wives and hundreds like it have been swamping YANK's *Mail Call* department ever since the allowances deal got under way. It deserves a frank and complete answer.

If the facts are as alleged, answering that question is very simple: The law is absolutely and unqualifiedly unfair. But doing something about that law is another matter.

The law involved is Section 104 of the *Servicemen's Dependents Allowance Act of 1942*, as amended, which provides, among other things, that the legal wife of an eligible EM—or the divorced wife, if she gets alimony—can collect a family allowance with or without the consent of her husband.

In the vast majority of cases, of course, this section of the law is entirely just. The average marriage sticks, and the average guy, having gone into it with both eyes open, realizes that his wife is his own responsibility and is therefore entitled to all the help he can reasonably give her. But for many others whose marriages are not so fortunate, the law is distinctly *not* just, and it ought to be changed pronto if the victims of it are ever to get a decent break.

YANK has repeatedly brought this mess to the attention of legal experts and officials of the ODB. The results have not been encouraging. Admitting quite frankly that the act is tough on soldiers with cheating wives, the ODB says it is powerless to do anything about it. Reason: The ODB's job is to interpret and administer dependency-benefit laws, not to make or dictate changes in them. Such laws and changes must come through Congress.

Inasmuch as servicemen are forbidden by AR to write to their Congressmen in any effort to influence legislation affecting Army affairs, there isn't much you can directly do to change this law. About your only recourse is to write to the folks back home and ask them to help. While it may be illegal for a soldier to write to his Congressman, there is certainly no AR which forbids his writing to his civilian relatives and friends, who can write to their Congressman 20 times a day, if they want to.

But don't be too optimistic about the outcome. The Army has flatly declared to Congress that it doesn't want to become a "court of domestic relations." It doesn't want to have "to pass on a woman's misconduct." Moreover, as one official put it, the time spent in investigating charges of immorality—difficult charges to prove in any court—"would allow the whole administrative machinery to bog down," thus putting the pinch on millions of legitimate dependents who need ODB money to live.

In short, if your wife is clipping you for a family allowance against your will, you might as well get used to sweating it out. Unless Congress changes the law, which doesn't now seem likely, you're probably stuck for the duration.

Actually there are only two possible ways out, and either one of them, as long as you're in the Army, is the hard way. First, you can try through channels to get a divorce in which no alimony is granted to your wife. Second, if you're divorced you can try to figure out some means of getting your ex to marry someone else. But whatever you decide to do, first look up your outfit's Legal Assistance Officer, who can set you straight on the legal channels open to you.

This is not a very reassuring answer. But this is no place for a snow job.

Amici italiani,

ATTENZIONE!

Noi abbiamo sinora cercato in tutti i modi di evitare il bombardamento del monastero di Montecassino. I tedeschi hanno saputo trarre vantaggio da ciò. Ma ora il combattimento si è ancora più stretto attorno al Sacro Recinto. È venuto il tempo in cui a malincuore siamo costretti a puntare le nostre armi contro il Monastero stesso.

Noi vi avvertiamo perché voi abbiate la possibilità di porvi in salvo. Il nostro avvertimento è urgente: Lasciate il Monastero. Andatevene subito. Rispettate questo avviso. Esso è stato fatto a vostro vantaggio.

LA QUINTA ARMATA.

Italian friends,

BEWARE!

We have until now been especi ful to avoid shelling the Monte Monastery. The Germans have kno to benefit from this. But now the has swept closer and closer to its precincts. The time has come when train our guns on the Monastery its

We give you warning so that y save yourselves. We warn you ur Leave the Monastery. Leave it at Respect this warning. It is for your b

THE FIFTH AR

Before Allied planes reduced Monte Cassino, we fired 155-mm leaflet-loaded shells warning the Italians to leave. Top: U. S. soldiers load empty shells. Directly above: a leaflet.

STERNENBANNER

Amerikas Ziel: „Sicherheit für Alle"

Allierte Landung im Rücken der deutschen Front

Eisenhower übernimmt Invasionskommando

Amerikanische Panzer und Geschütze strömen nach England für die Inva

This paper told Berliners that Eisenhower was invasion chief, Allies had landed at Anzio, our war aim was "Security for All."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Psychological Warfare

Leaflets and newspapers, telling the truth about the war, are hitting Germany almost as hard as our bombs.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

ENGLAND—The Fortresses were taking off for one of the first big daylight raids over Berlin. Most of them lumbered down the runway for a long take-off and climbed slowly into formation with their heavy bomb loads. But once in a while a Fort would go down the runway swiftly and become airborne sooner than the others. It would climb faster and take a key defensive position in the formation.

Inside, this Fort was different from the others. Instead of bombs, it carried tight, heavy packages, designed to open when they were released through the bomb-bay doors. This was a leaflet plane, one of the newsboys of the Air Forces.

The leaflet planes went in over Berlin with the bombers, released their hundreds of thousands of paper bullets, shot down a respectable number of enemy fighters in the bargain and came back. The special Forts were heavily armed and gave good accounts of themselves in battle, but more than one leaflet pilot must have sighed during the long trip and wished that his plane were carrying a little HE.

From the yelp of pain the German press and radio let out the next day, you would have thought the leaflets were even more damaging than high explosives.

One leaflet entitled "Stalingrad No. 2" told Berliners that 55,000 German troops had been killed and 18,200 imprisoned at Cherkasy on the Russian front. The pamphlet, beautifully illustrated with maps and charts, gave complete data on the lost divisions and the parts of Germany from which they came.

The second leaflet told the Germans that peace would be much more pleasant than bombings and that President Roosevelt guaranteed the natural development of the German people as a member of the European family of nations.

The third pamphlet was the regular edition of *Sternenbanner (Star-Spangled Banner)*, a miniature four-page, four-column newspaper printed in German.

Soon after the bombs were dropped, an official Nazi commentator went on the German radio in a hurried attempt to answer the news stories in the three pamphlets. The Nazi radio program, *Mirror of the Times*, broadcast a play attempting to show that the "Stalingrad No. 2" leaflet was Jewish propaganda and that the divisions had never been lost at all. Another commentator, known as OK—his real name is Dr. Otto Koischwitz and he was formerly a professor at New York City's Hunter College—attacked the second leaflet, the one that urged peace. He said that President Roosevelt promised an honorable peace but that "Roosevelt is known as a man who makes promises and then doesn't keep them." There were a half dozen other broadcasts on the same lines.

In previous raids we had dropped leaflets, but the German air-raid wardens always swept them up before sounding the "all clear," and the Nazis even boasted how few of the leaflets were read. But the day after the Berlin raids, Heinrich Himmler, chief of the Gestapo, issued a decree imposing prison sentences and more serious penalties on anyone caught reading a leaflet.

Seven days later, however, a traveler from Berlin reported in the Swedish newspaper *Dagens Nyheter* that "Germans now read leaflets openly in the Berlin streets."

This was strategic psychological warfare.

Shortly before the leaflets were dropped on Berlin, Allied bombers in Italy were preparing the intensive aerial blitz that was to reduce Cassino to rubble. But first, leaflets were dropped by long-range artillery and planes, telling the people in Cassino about the terrible destruction that lay ahead, explaining why it had to be done and warning everyone to get out. In one sector, German units that had been hemmed in were pelted with safe-conduct passes urging them to surrender. In other sectors, leaflets told the Nazis about the bombings of their home cities and the disastrous defeats of the *Wehrmacht* in Russia.

This was tactical psychological warfare.

TACTICAL psychological warfare, like tactical bombing, has short-range, immediate objectives. It is used on the battlefronts, and its only purpose is to cause or hasten the surrender of specific units of enemy troops already in a tough spot. When the Russians dropped leaflets urging the surrender of the German Sixth Army, hopelessly encircled before Stalingrad, they gave a perfect example of tactical psychological warfare.

Strategic psychological warfare, like strategic bombing, strikes at German cities far behind the lines and has strictly long-range objectives. A man can't surrender to a leaflet or a radio. But by pounding away at home-front morale and raising doubts in the German mind, psychological warfare may create a sense of defeat that eventually will seep through to the fighting zones. It's like destroying a Messerschmitt plant; it doesn't affect the fighting front immediately, but some day in the future there will be a shortage of fighter replacements when the enemy needs them badly.

Psychological warfare, both tactical and strategic, works more effectively when your side is winning. Leaflets and broadcasts by themselves can't accomplish much. As a member of the joint British-American Psychological Warfare Branch said: "You can't do much against a stone wall with a nail file. But when a stone is loosened by hammer blows, you can chip around it with the nail file and finally pry it out."

Tunisia was the first big triumph for psychological warfare since the first World War; then Gen. Erich von Ludendorff, chief of the German general staff, wrote: "We could not prevent the leaflets from poisoning the hearts of our soldiers." At first the leaflets didn't work at all in the Tunisian campaign, because Field Marshal Erwin Rommel and his Axis troops were on the offensive. Besides, we made several blunders, such as promising the Italians a nice comfortable prison camp in the States; this petrified them, because German psychological warfare had already convinced them that every ship crossing the Atlantic would be sunk.

But then the Allied power was unleashed, and Rommel's troops were hit by everything we had. Right at that moment we threw a verbal punch to the solar plexus of the Italians. We simply told them in leaflets that Tripoli had fallen. They didn't know this. They thought their flank, hundreds of miles away in Libya, was still secure. We knew they'd doubt us, so we mentioned streets, cafes and places that only somebody who had been there would know about. Our leaflets were dropped by plane and fired into the enemy lines by 25-pounders and 155-mm guns. Within three days thousands of Italians had surrendered, and Mussolini announced in Rome: "Anyone who believes the enemy's messages is a criminal, a traitor and a bastard."

As the Germans and Italians retreated northward from Sfax, Gen. Sir Harold Alexander called for a five-day leaflet barrage. In the closing stages of the campaign, the Arab population around Tunis, Bizerte and Cape Bon made a fortune by collecting British-American surrender leaflets at night and selling them to the Germans and Italians by day.

The day before Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr. sent his Seventh Army into Sicily, he called in his psychological-warfare men and told them he wanted a million leaflets dropped before the offensive began. In record time the general and one of the PWB officers wrote a leaflet entitled "Capitulation With Honor." Then a pilot grabbed the copy and flew it to Tunis. All night the printing plants hummed. The next day planes of the Tactical Air Force dropped a million leaflets from Palermo to Marsala. Thousands of prisoners came in as a result of this leaflet barrage, which softened up the enemy just as surely as an artillery barrage.

But in Italy the situation was different. Although Adm. Sir Andrew Browne Cunningham credited psychological warfare with causing almost unaided the surrender of the Italian fleet, our propaganda was not as successful against the German armies. As their military situation improved, their resistance to psychological warfare stiffened.

Our best efforts in Italy so far have been the leaflets dropped on Rome explaining why we were bombing the city, and a brilliant series of humorous and inspirational posters tacked up by special squads of GIs all over liberated territory. Those posters gave a tremendous lift to the Italian national spirit.

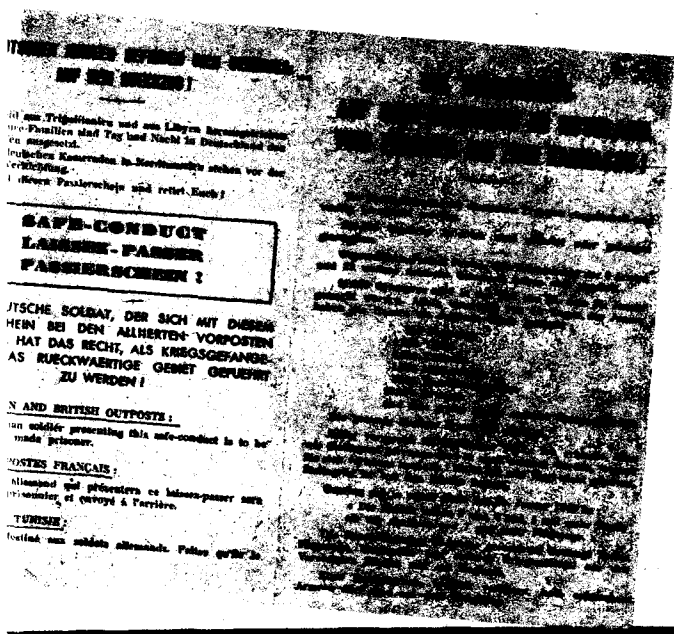
The Psychological Warfare Branch works with all the armed forces. It is a joint British-American undertaking, staffed by British and American officers, enlisted men and civilians, working side by side. Most of the American GIs are former newspapermen or radio-newsmen; others were selected because of their knowledge of foreign languages and countries.

ONE of the Psychological Warfare Branch's major functions is publishing one of the world's biggest newspaper chains—weekly, pint-sized sheets turned out in German, French, Dutch and Flemish, and dropped by the millions over Germany and the occupied countries. The Germans get bombs with their morning newspapers; the occupied countries don't.

Straight news is stressed; there is no attempt to propagandize or even to answer German propaganda. "You don't have to do that when you're winning," says the head of the Publications Section. "Straight news, when it's favorable, is the most potent weapon we have. It puts the enemy on the defensive. Soon you find him trying to answer your truths and getting caught up in his own lies."

These little newspapers are doing their job. One of the best indications of that came from the French underground recently, which passed along a fake edition of *L'Amerique en Guerre*, the newspaper put out by PWB for the French. The Germans had imitated the format but had cleverly sandwiched in their own propaganda into the news accounts. When they go to all that trouble, you know they're stung.

In spite of the importance of the work they are doing, the American leaflet crews gripe because they can't carry a few bombs in their specially equipped Fortresses. The psychological-warfare boys let them gripe for a while. Then they send some agents of the European underground to talk to the crews for a few hours about what is going on in their target areas. This is psychological warfare in reverse. It works.



German troops in Tunisia were promised safe-conduct to the rear if they used this pass to surrender. It told of Stalingrad [illegible] bombing of Germany

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RACING AT CAIRO

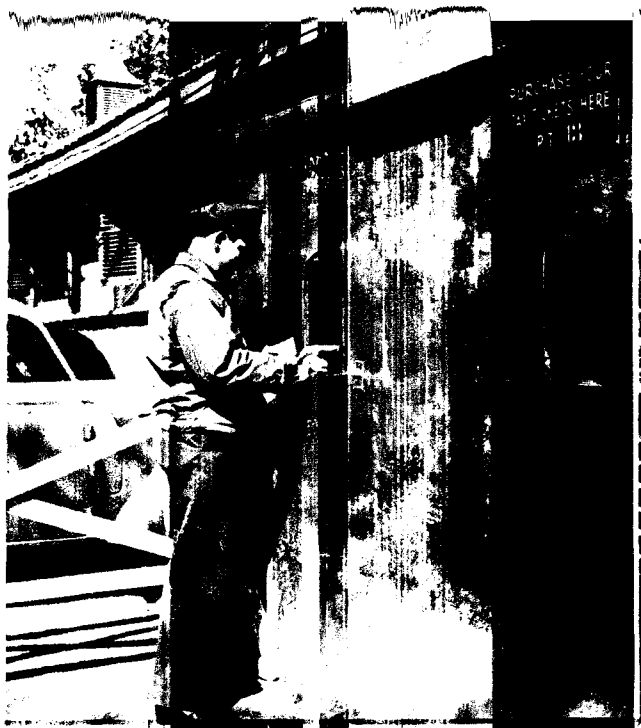
EGYPT is a long, long way from Jamaica, Arlington and Belmont Park, but a little matter of geography is not going to keep an American horse-player-turned-soldier from wagering on whether one horse can run faster than another. (After all, what are we fighting for?)

These pictures were made when YANK's photographer Sgt. Steve Derry went to the races to record the adventures of Sgt. Allan LaCombe, turf devotee. Sgt. Derry and Sgt. LaCombe found the racing quite different from the Hialeah brand. For example, they run the races clockwise, they do not have an electric starting gate for a horse to get stuck in, and nobody ever heard of a show pool like ours.

Sgt. Derry managed to come back with his camera because in Egypt you can't bet a camera on a horse. Sgt. LaCombe still had his uniform.

...RE THEY . . . NO, NOT YET . . . THEY'RE RUNNING! THEY'RE OFF, ALL RIGHT, BUT THE STEED THAT CA... PLASTER... STOO...

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



T TO SPEND OM EY TO GET
K. ("I'LL WIN T A D MORE.")

O TALK TO TH JO IDE THEM
ER WHO GE T RUNNIN'.

LAST AND HE D H THEN ON.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAIL CALL

Deep in the Heart (Concl.)

Dear YANK:
I have never wanted to be quoted publicly before, and this is the first time I have ever written to any publication, but this is also the first time I have ever been so burned up. As a native Texan, and mighty proud of it, I found the letter submitted by a Camp Bowie (Tex.) soldier [Pfc. James L. Scott, in a March issue], which had been written by a member of the Texas Christian Federation of Women's Clubs in Brownwood, Tex., the most disgusting piece of writing I have ever had the misfortune to read. [The Texas clubwoman refused to give hospitality to soldiers on the grounds that it would place Texas' "daughters on the altar of sacrifice" and subject them to association with men "filled with uncontrolled passion and lust."—Ed.] It is certainly the least representative of any I have ever read about Texas women. . . . Brother, she is no real Texan.

On Maneuvers —Lt. H. H. MONTGOMERY

Dear YANK:
. . . . She very plainly shows that she herself does not have any knowledge of the term "our democratic government," of which she speaks. . . . This woman has certainly made a bad impression of herself, her club and the state of Texas as a whole. . . .

Panama —Pvt. ELWOOD J. HALE

Dear YANK:
. . . Any girl who would have relations with a fellow under the conditions proposed by the woman in Texas is not the type coming up to my level and caliber. That, I believe, speaks for the entire personnel of the armed services of our country.

Antigua —Pfc. WILLIAM D. TAYLOR

Dear YANK:
. . . And that remark about Deep in the Heart. We're proud of who wrote it, as we want our gals as we left them and we don't want them on the altar of sacrifice. We are glad the mothers of Texas are holding on to their daughters and that they hold their respect.

Attu —Sgt. DELMOS DANIELS

Dear YANK:
"I am willing to sacrifice my time, my money, and all my material profits for my country, but I cannot give my daughter. . . ." This is from that letter quoted in YANK. To it I add a poem:

THE ULTIMATE SACRIFICE

My daughter is precious; she's finer than gold,
But hardly constructed for soldiers to hold.
A soldier's the sort
For rapine and slaughter,
Not fit to escort
A patriot's daughter.
I'll sacrifice time, but dear me! I falter
When requested to lay my poor girl on the altar.

I know that the men must be awfully lonely;
I'd like to assist them if possible, only
The boys may be tempted
To ask for a date;
No girl is exempted
When staying out late
From possible harm by inordinate passion
And a plunge into ruin in the most expedite fashion.

Beware of the soldier who comes to your house;
It's a hundred to one he's a wolf or a louse.
You will certainly find,
If you scratch a GI,
A lecherous mind
And a wandering eye.
The soldier who enters your home's of a surety
An imminent threat to your daughter's security.

Camp Shelby, Miss. —S/Sgt. GRANT A. SANDERS

Dear YANK:
. . . . The remark about selling daughters to American soldiers is one of the most stupid remarks any normal person has ever made. . . .

India —S/Sgt. JOHN GRIDER*

*Also signed by Pvt. Peter Manquacine.

Dear YANK:
. . . I have never known of a Christian person with such a nasty and inconsiderate attitude toward the men and boys that are serving their country in these trying times. Any girl that has to have a chaperon along on a date to remain pure and clean is not the type of girl that a soldier would like to be seen in public with. . . .

Hawaii —Pvt. DORSEY WIGGINS*

*Also signed by Sgt. Lester, T-5s Howell, Rouse and Wilkinson and Pfc. Lemmens.

Dear YANK:
YANK acted in good faith in publishing Pfc. James Scott's letter in regard to the feelings of the mothers of Brownwood—it was James Scott who acted in ill faith in submitting a letter without explaining the circumstances surrounding the letter. . . . [It] was written over three years ago by a woman who lived approximately 150 miles southwest of Brownwood and who, at that time, had probably not met a single one of our new brand of GIs. It was written to a woman who lived in Austin, Tex. A copy of that letter was sent to a Brownwood woman because it was outrageously dramatic enough to be funny. . . .

—MUZELLE STANLEY
Brownwood, Tex. City Recreation Supervisor

Strictly GI

Dear YANK:
. . . How come in your column heading you use "G.I.", yet in the copy of the column you use the same expression but leave out the periods, viz. "GI"? . . .

Camp Edwards, Mass. —Sgt. RUSS McCOLLISTER

■ The title has been changed to "Strictly GI" without the periods. Thanks.

Soldier Voters

Dear YANK:
The letters in a March issue of YANK on the Federal ballot are very much to the point. Congress' attempted denial of the vote to American soldiers is, as our Commander in Chief has said, a fraud. It hits a body blow at our belief that we are fighting for a democracy. This belief is one of our best weapons. The Axis can't take that weapon from us. People on our own side can.

Britain —T-5 BRUCE WAYBUR*

*Also signed by Sgt. A. D. Resnick, Cpl. William Colker, T-5 James B. Cardwell and Pfc. Allan C. Ferguson.

Dear YANK:
For many weeks YANK and others have published many letters from soldiers concerning the soldier-vote bill; almost every letter has denounced Congress for letting the soldier down. Congress seems to get the blame when the fault lies with the individual states. . . . The states have had about two years to act on this question. My home state permits me to vote very easily by absentee ballot; what one state can do, others can do also. . . .

Panama —Cpl. F. R. HOYT

Swastika in Wisconsin

Dear YANK:
I recently observed a German prisoner of war at work digging a ditch here at Camp McCoy, Wis. He was wearing a Nazi swastika armband. When I saw this it made my blood boil. Isn't there any limitation as to the things they wear? After all, that's what we are fighting against. I just can't see a PW advertising Nazism.

Camp McCoy, Wis. —Pfc. DAVE WEIS

Souvenir Hunting

Dear YANK:
I'm happy to be alive and able to tell the story of a boy who would not listen or take advice. However, I'm sorry to have to say he has lost his life.
Five other fellows and myself went several miles to the beach to get a load of sand. One of the fellows found a bomb (rifle grenade) and wanted it for a souvenir. I told him, as the others did, not to touch it, but he would not listen. We loaded the sand and brought it back to our base. While unloading, four of us worked while the boy played with the bomb. Finally he hit the bomb against the side of the truck, causing the fuse to start the bomb. A few seconds later he jumped from the truck, as the bomb went off. He was badly wounded, given first aid and taken to a hospital where he died a few hours later. Three of the others were wounded, and I was blown against the side of the truck by the impact and later taken to the hospital, too.

Southwest Pacific —Sgt. JOHN PLASKET

Thinking Soldiers

Dear YANK:
Do soldiers think? Listening to GI conversations one would get the impression that the majority does not. . . . The Army takes intelligent men and practically trains them to be unthinking and ignorant, excepting, of course, in the nomenclature and operation of weapons, modern methods of warfare, personal health and hygiene. They are told, although indirectly, that they are not *supposed* to think; that their problems will be solved by their "superiors." They are told to keep quiet and obey orders. The thinking man will discuss his ideas, but soldiers are warned not to discuss the progress of the war, or pre-post-war or post-war problems. Their camp newspapers are warned to avoid discussion of "controversial subjects," and as a result most Army papers don't even dare to say "boo."
Many officers, fresh out of high school or college . . . now play the role of "counseling father" to many enlisted men who were successful business or professional men, leaders in their communities before induction. The latter are not supposed to discuss anything but subjects pertaining to their training except under the supervision of "superiors." . . . An intelligent soldier cannot help but resent being treated as an irresponsible adolescent whose every word and every movement must be carefully supervised. .

Alaska —Cpl. CARL E. DAVIDSON

By the Serial Numbers

Dear YANK:
In a March issue of YANK you printed a cartoon showing Mussolini and other Fascists as new members of the German Army. Mussolini's serial number was plainly showing on his barracks bag. It was with a great deal of dissatisfaction on our part that his serial number was 14095937. We want to call to your attention the fact that all members of the Enlisted Reserve Corps of the Fourth Service Command have 14 as the first two digits of our serial numbers. This 14 designates us as volunteers. . . . We feel that it is our duty to demand an apology. . . .

—Pvt. RALPH B. TEMPLES*

ASTU, North Carolina State College

*Also signed by Pvts. William E. Warde and George N. Thompson.

Dear YANK:
Grrrrr. Say, was it meant as a slam to all us fellows with a one on our serial number when Sgt. Ralph Stein put a "1" on the ASN of our old boy Mussie's "A" bag, not to mention Herr Schmidt. How about that? I am requesting an apology to all volunteers.

Camp Shanks, N. Y. —Pvt. C. F. FEARS Jr.

■ Apology hell, Sgt. Stein put his own ASN on Schmidt's barracks bag; the ASN used for Mussolini's bag belongs to Sgt. Dan Polier, YANK's sports editor. Period.

Gift

Dear YANK:
Saw Sgt. Rogers' and buddies' letter. [Sgt. Rogers complained in an April issue of YANK that he could buy no cigars on Bougainville—Ed.] Being a Wac with a generous heart and willing to send the boys my share of cigars, I'll need their addresses and a request to show the postal clerks. Advise what to do, please. After all, I can't send anything to my husband. He's a prisoner of war.

Camp Lee, Va. —Cpl. N. MARTIN

■ Your letter has been forwarded to Sgt. Rogers. If he sends you a written request for cigars, you will be able to mail him any quantity up to 5 pounds. Incidentally, corporal, YANK says thanks.

Message Center

A. Lt. VIRGINIA ALDEN, ANC, once at Kearns, Utah: write Cpl. Charles W. Ellingson, 57th Tng. Gp., Class 578-1, Keesler Field, Miss. . . . Lt. RICHARD S. ALDRICH, once at Fort Benning, OCS: write S/Sgt. John T. Kesler, 156th Liaison Sq., SAAF, Statesboro, Ga. . . . S/Sgt. ROSCOE ANDERSON, once in 105th Obsn. Sq.: write Pvt. J. W. Uselton, Tng. Unit, AAAF, Alexandria, La. . . . ROBERT (BUD) ANKENY of Wanseon: write Cpl. Lowell Leitner, Surplus Det. Sta. Comp., Fort Jackson, S. C.

B. PETER BABALAS: write A/S Carl G. Yeaton, Class 44-J, Gp. D, Sq. 39, Wing 1, AAFDS - SAACC, San Antonio, Tex. . . . Pvts. ROBERT and WILLIAM BADO, last heard of in North Africa: write Pfc. W. C. Patton, 65th B Hq. & AB Sq., Foster Field, Tex. . . . M/Sgt. HAROLD G. BARNES of Jackson, Ga.: write T/Sgt. B. L. Mays, AT Co., 323d Inf., APO 81, c/o Postmaster, Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif. . . . JOHN H. BARNES of Bayonne, N. J.: write Pvt. Charles E. Hauser, 601st TSS Bks. 1739, Amarillo Field, Tex.

MISCELLANEOUS. MOFFETT FIELD buddies: write S/Sgts. Alfred & Leonard Moskovitz, twins, Hq. Sq., 100th BFT Gp., Marana AAF, Tucson, Ariz. . . . Anyone having information of Sgt. GERALD WILLIAM O'NEIL, once in Tr. C, 1st Armd. Div., Fort Knox, Ky.: write Pfc. M. L. Perkins, WAC Det., AAB, Pueblo, Colo. . . . The old gang from ST. ALBANS, L. I.; fellows from JAMAICA HIGH SCH.; GI pals once in the WTS, MATAMORAS: write A/S Harold J. Mahnken, 59th CTD, Sq. G, North Carolina State College, N. C. . . . GIs of Co. E, 18TH INF.: write T-5 Louis Santovito, 533 QM, RHD Co., Camp Campbell, Ky. . . . Buddies who formerly raced cars with Cpl. CHESTER COLE: write him at Btry. C, 844th AAA (AW) Bn., Camp Stewart, Ga.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE

A mimeographed list of shoulder-patch collector's names will be sent on request. Write to *Shoulder Patch Exchange*, c/o YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Biscay Patrol

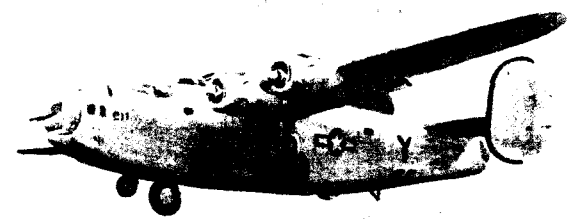
Sleeper paints
men who hunt
Spanish coasts.

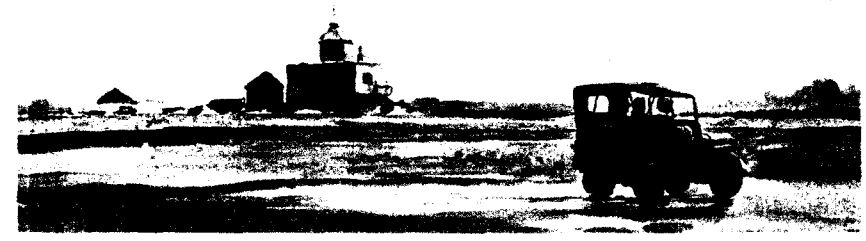
THIS U. S. FLEET AIR WING WORKS WITH THE RAF. HERE IS A BRIEFING AT ITS BRITISH BASE. OPERATIONS OFFICER IN FOREGROUND TALKS WITH RAF LIAISON MAN.

INTERROGATION AFTER PATROL. INTELLIGENCE OFFICER QUIZZES 8-24 CREW.

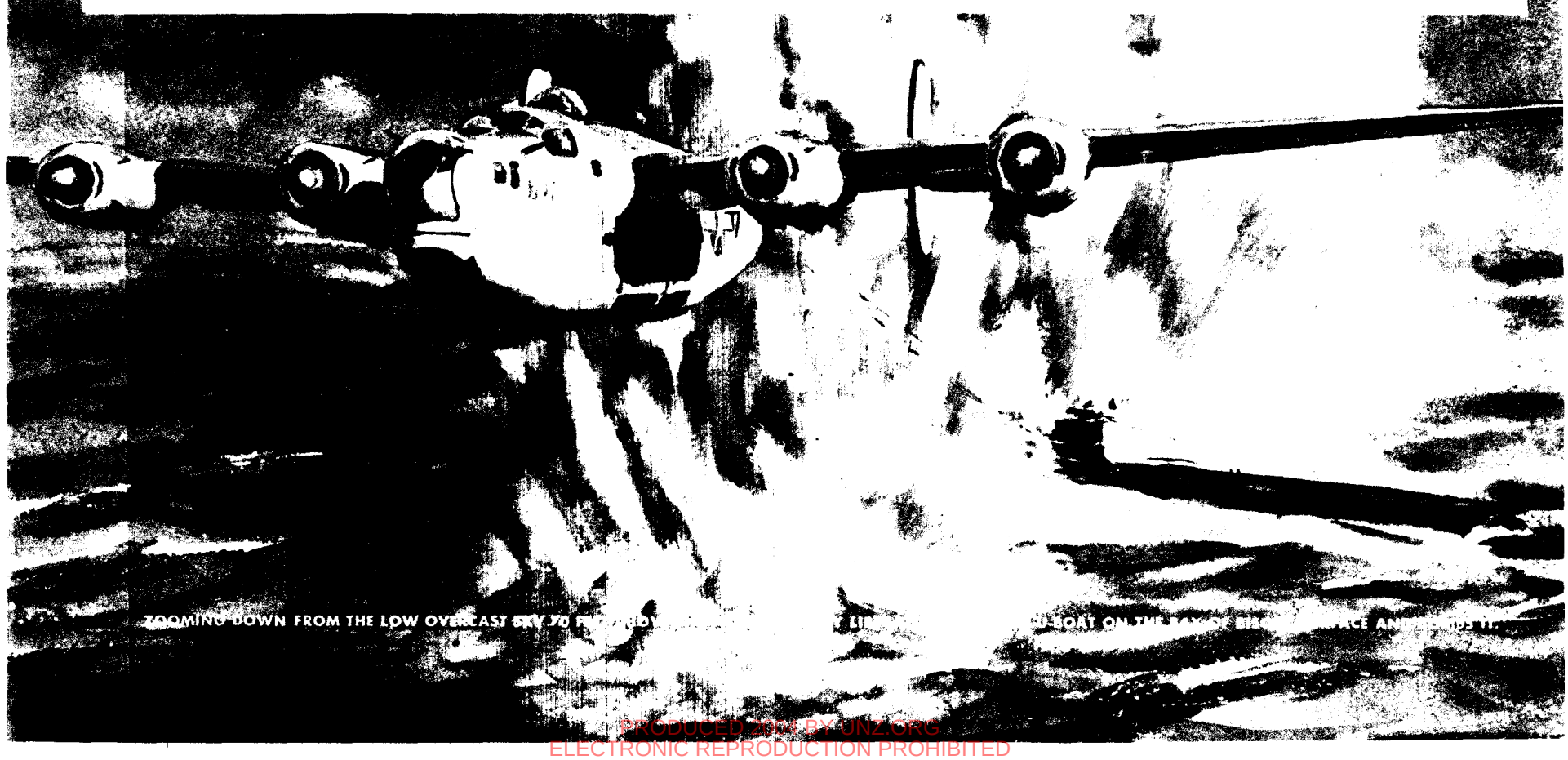
THE AIR FIELD WHERE THE NAVY OPERATES ITS BISCAY PATROL IS USUALLY WET.

NEAR A BRITISH FARMHOUSE, A NAVY LIBERATOR GETS FUEL FOR ITS PATROL RUN.



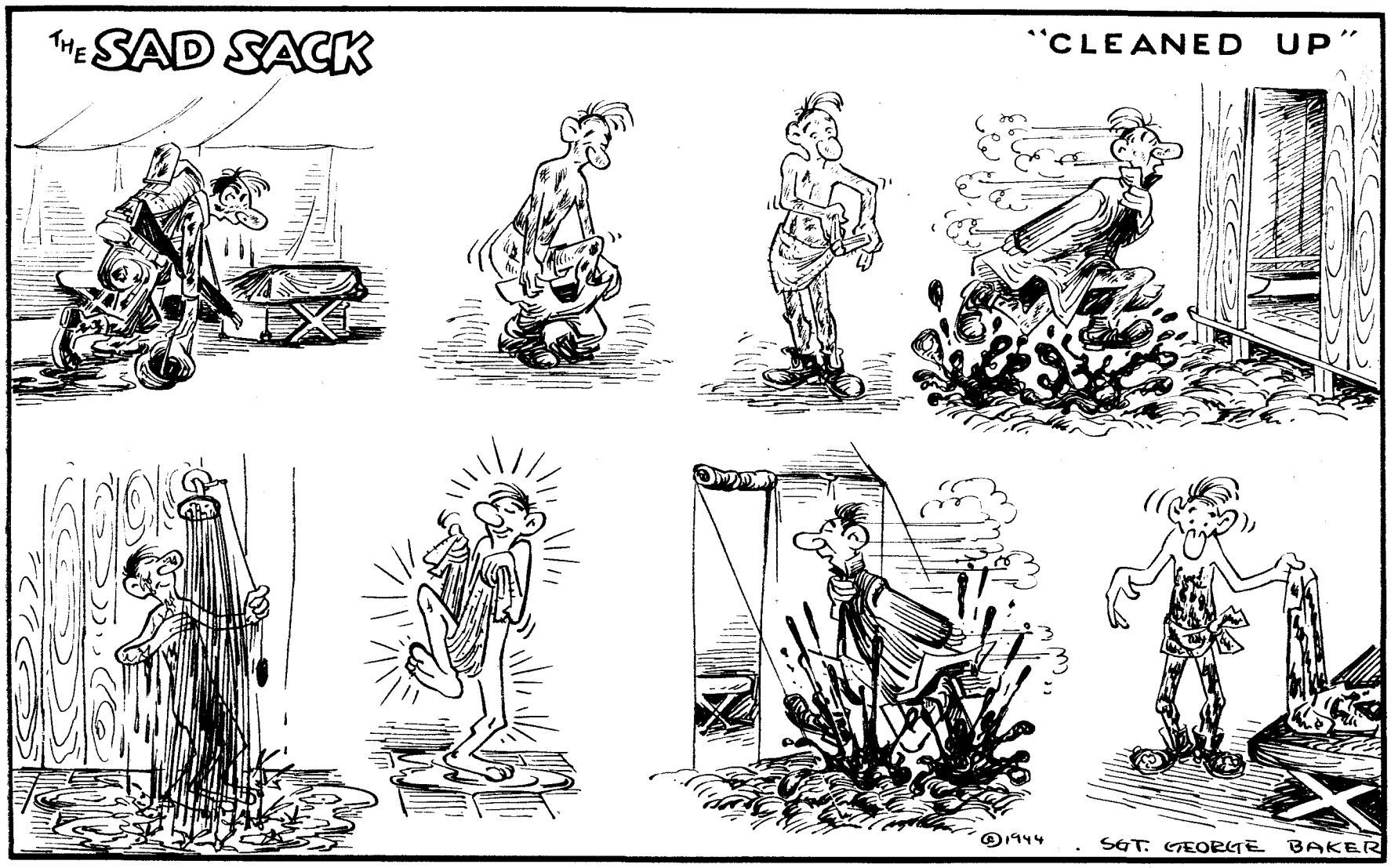


THEN IT LIFTS OFF THE MEADOW TO START ITS 11-HOUR MISSION TO BISCAY.



ZOOMING DOWN FROM THE LOW OVERCAST SKY TO [illegible] LIKE A BOAT ON THE [illegible] SURFACE AN[illegible]

PRODUCED 2014 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



HOW TO VOTE IN STATES HOLDING PRIMARIES IN LATE JULY AND AUGUST

NAME OF STATE	DATE OF ELECTION	HOW TO APPLY FOR STATE ABSENTEE BALLOTS	Earliest Date State Will Receive Application for Ballot	Earliest Date State Will Forward Ballot to Applicant*	Final Date Executed Ballot Must Be Back To Be Eligible To Be Counted	SPECIAL STATE PROVISIONS
ARIZONA	18 July	*a)* In accordance with Arizona law, or *b)* By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, Phoenix, Ariz.	Any time	18 May	18 July	
ARKANSAS	25 July for first primary. 8 Aug. for second primary.	*a)* In accordance with Arkansas law, or *b)* By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, Little Rock, Ark.	Any time	6 May for first primary. 1 Aug. for second primary.	25 July for first primary. 8 Aug. for second primary.	Note that Arkansas has two primaries. A separate application is required for each primary *unless soldier writes on first application that he wishes it to be regarded as application for both primary ballots.* Note that in the second primary, the state allows only eight days between the date it mails the ballots and the date it requires them to be back in the state.
DELAWARE	Not fixed.	Delaware does not provide a state absentee ballot for primary election.				Delaware soldiers may vote in the primary only by appearing in person at the proper election polling places.
KANSAS	1 Aug.	By mailing a special application form furnished by State of Kansas. Serviceman may request this special application form: *a)* By writing to the Secretary of State, Topeka, Kans., or to the appropriate local election officials if they are known to serviceman, or *b)* By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, noting in writing on post card that it is to be regarded as request for application for state absentee ballot.	1 April	1 July	31 July	Servicemen should request an application for a ballot at the *earliest possible moment*, either by letter or by WD post card on which he has written that he wishes it regarded as a request for an application for a state absentee ballot.
KENTUCKY	5 Aug.	*a)* In accordance with Kentucky law, or *b)* By sending WD post card to Secretary of State, Frankfort, Ky.				There is no official information available from Kentucky on when soldiers should make applications for ballots or when the state may act on applications. Procedures to administer the new state law have not yet been set up. But applications should be made *as soon as possible.* State absentee ballots cover Federal offices only.
MASSACHUSETTS	11 July	Massachusetts does not provide a state primary absentee ballot for soldiers.				Massachusetts soldiers may vote in primary only by appearing in person at proper local election polling places.
MISSISSIPPI (Second primary)	29 Aug.	*a)* In accordance with the Mississippi law, or *b)* By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, Jackson, Miss.	Any time	8 July	29 Aug.	Note that this information applies to Mississippi's second primary. The first primary takes place 4 July. An application for the first primary suffices for the second primary, but if applicant's address has changed since he made first application, it is necessary for him to make a new application.
MISSOURI	1 Aug.	*a)* In accordance with Missouri law, or *b)* By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, Jefferson City, Mo.	Any time	5 May	2 Aug.	

*Application should reach officials on, or as soon after as possible, the date the state starts sending out ballots.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW TO VOTE IN STATES HOLDING PRIMARIES IN LATE JULY AND AUGUST

NAME OF STATE	DATE OF ELECTION	HOW TO APPLY FOR STATE ABSENTEE BALLOTS	Earliest Date State Will Receive Application for Ballot	Earliest Date State Will Forward Ballot to Applicant*	Final Date Executed Ballot Must Be Back To Be Eligible To Be Counted	SPECIAL STATE PROVISIONS
MONTANA	18 July	By mailing special application form furnished by state of Montana. Serviceman can request this form: *a)* By writing to Secretary of State, Helena, Mont., or to appropriate local election official, if known, or *b)* By sending to the Secretary of State the WD post card, noting on it that the serviceman wishes it to be regarded as a request for an application for an absentee ballot.	19 June	30 June	18 July	Note that soldier must request an application for a primary ballot, which should be done at the *earliest possible date*, either by a letter or by a WD post card on which he has written that he wishes it to be regarded as a request for an application for a state absentee ballot.
NEW HAMPSHIRE	11 July	New Hampshire does not provide a state absentee ballot for soldiers in the primary.				New Hampshire soldiers may vote in primary only by appearing in person at proper local election polling places.
NEW YORK	1 Aug.	New York does not provide a state absentee ballot for soldiers in the primary.				New York soldiers may vote in primary only by appearing in person at proper local election polling places.
SOUTH CAROLINA (First primary)	29 Aug.	South Carolina does not provide a state absentee ballot for soldiers in the primary				South Carolina soldiers may vote in primary only by appearing in person at proper local election polling places. But South Carolina may hold legislative or party sessions which may make some changes in these primary election laws
TENNESSEE	3 Aug.	*a)* In accordance with Tennessee law, or *b)* By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, Nashville, Tenn.	Any time before 1 June if outside the U. S.; any time before 10 July if in the U. S.	15 June	3 Aug.	Note that soldiers outside the U. S. must have their applications for ballots in Nashville not later than 1 June. Soldiers within the U. S. must have their applications for ballots in Nashville not later than 10 July.
TEXAS	22 July for first primary. 26 Aug. for second primary.	*a)* In accordance with Texas law, or *b)* By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, Austin, Tex., accompanied by a poll-tax receipt or affidavit of its loss.	Any time	2 July for first primary. 6 Aug. for second primary.	19 July for first primary. 23 Aug. for second primary.	Note that WD post card application for ballot must be accompanied by poll-tax receipt or affidavit of its loss. A separate application is required for each of the two primaries unless the serviceman writes on the first application for both primaries. In any event, in case of change of address, he should make separate applications. Servicemen who are members of the Regular Army on active duty are not eligible to vote in Texas.
UTAH	11 July for first primary. 15 Aug. for second primary.	*a)* In accordance with Utah law, or *b)* By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, Salt Lake City, Utah	Any time	15 June for first primary. 19 July for second primary.	11 July for first primary. 15 Aug. for second primary.	Note that there are two primaries. One application will suffice for both the first and second primaries, but in case of a change of address, servicemen should make separate applications.
VERMONT	8 Aug.	*a)* In accordance with Vermont law or *b)* By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, Monpelier, Vt.	Any time	19 June	8 Aug.	
VIRGINIA	1 Aug.	*a)* In accordance with Virginia law, or *b)* By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, Richmond, Va.	Any time	10 May	24 July	
WISCONSIN	15 Aug.	*a)* In accordance with Wisconsin law, or *b)* By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, Madison, Wis.	Any time	12 July	15 Aug.	
WYOMING	18 July	By mailing a special application form furnished by Wyoming. Serviceman can request this application form: *a)* By writing to the Secretary of State, Cheyenne, Wyo., or to the appropriate local election officials, if known, or *b)* By sending to the Secretary of State the WD post card, noting on it that he wants it regarded as a request for an application for state absentee ballot.	1 July	3 July	18 July	Note that servicemen must request an application for a ballot, which should be done at the *earliest possible date*, either by letter or by a WD post card on which he has written that he wishes it regarded as a request for an application for state absentee ballot.

*Application should reach officials on, or as soon after as possible, the date the state starts sending out ballots

THE foregoing table gives information about soldier voting in the primaries of 19 states that hold these elections in late July and August.

Five of these 19 states make no provision for soldier voting in the primaries. In the other 14 the WD post card *(WD AGO Form 560)* may be used either as an application for a ballot or a request for the special application form furnished by the states. The new War Ballot Commission post-card forms *(WD Circular 128, Par. 1, Sec. XI)* probably won't be distributed in time for these primaries. However, if you can't get any post-card form, you may apply by letter, using the text that will be on the new cards as it is given in *Circular 128*. Such applications should bear the distinctive markings and the appropriate air-mail marking as described in *WD Circular 155, Section I*.

Remember to put your party affiliation on your application for a state absentee ballot. If you don't, you may not get one. Also remember to print your name and serial number under your signature on the WD post card or the letter you send in its place. Your handwriting may not be as legible as you think it is.

In order to be eligible to vote in some states, soldiers will have to take other steps in addition to filing a ballot application. If you are uncertain about your eligibility, send a letter immediately to the secretary of state at your state capital. This letter should contain the following: date of your birth, number of years preceding the election in which you want to vote that your home residence has been in the state, the date of the election in which you intend to vote; your town, county, street and number or rural route, and the number of years preceding the election that your residence has been there; your voting district to the best of your knowledge.

Since the Vol. II, No. 43 issue of YANK was published, Maine, North Dakota and Oklahoma have enacted new soldier-voting laws. It is now possible for eligible voters in these three states to apply for a ballot simply by sending the WD post card to their respective Secretaries of State. For the Maine primary, cards should reach Augusta on or as soon as possible after 10 May 1944. For North Dakota, applications should reach Bismarck on or as soon as possible after 27 Apr. 1944. For Oklahoma, the applications should reach Oklahoma City on or as soon as possible after 15 May 1944.

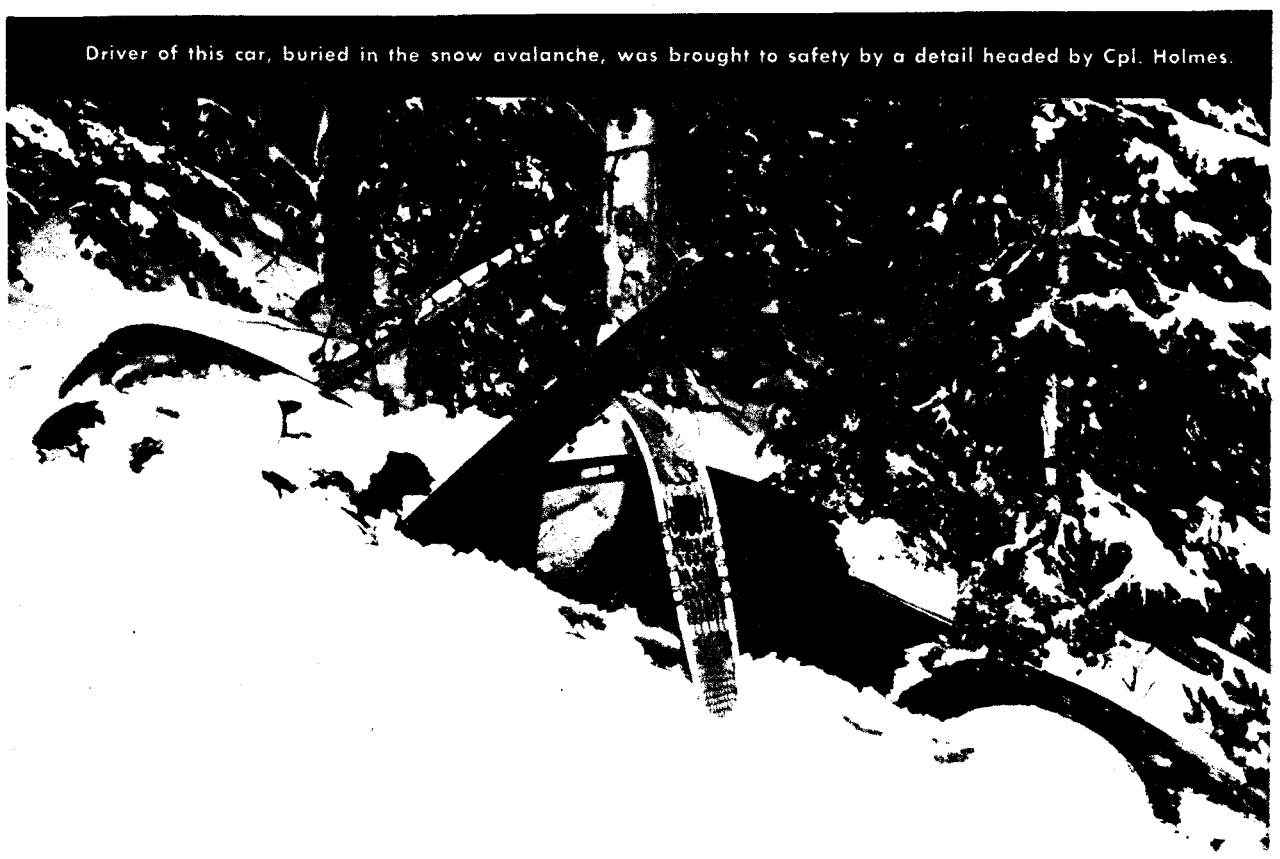
Information in this table is taken from *WD Circular 166, 28 Apr. 1944*.

YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

YANK is published weekly by the enlisted men of the U. S. Army and is for sale only to those in the armed services. Stories, features, pictures and other material from YANK may be reproduced if they are not restricted by law or military regulations, provided proper credit is given, release dates are observed and specific prior permission has been granted for each item to be reproduced. Entire contents copyrighted, 1944, by Col. Franklin S. Forsberg and reviewed by U. S. military censors.

MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE
205 EAST 42d ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y., U. S. A.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Driver of this car, buried in the snow avalanche, was brought to safety by a detail headed by Cpl. Holmes.

The rescue squad. Back row (l. to r.): Cpl. Epiphanio Lopez, S/Sgt. Gregg Garnett, Pvt. Frank Piccino, Cpl. Richard Holmes, Sgt. Henry Preskar, Cpl. Bill Ford; front (l. to r.): Lt. Maurice Chornesky, Lt. Thomas Smith.

Ski Troopers Save Blizzard Victims

Buckley Field, Colo.—Cpl. Bill Ford of Chickasha, Okla., was at the controls of the arctic rescue vehicle as it battled and churned its way up toward the treacherous and snowbound Berthoud Pass on Easter Sunday. In the back of the car Sgt. Henry Preskar of Trinidad, Colo.; Lt. Thomas S. Smith of Newton, N. J., and Lt. Maurice Chornesky of Lynn, Mass., hung on, watching the blizzard-shrouded road ahead and keeping an eye on the blankets, food and medicine bouncing on the floor.

This quartet of ski troopers from the Echo Lake Arctic Training Detachment were on no routine rescue-training mission now. Thirty-four persons had been reported marooned near the summit of the pass, nearly 12,000 feet above sea level and 50 miles from the Echo Lake station. The victims, among them three babies, had made their way to a snowbanked lodge and were waiting there for the supplies so desperately needed.

Ford drove his vehicle over huge snowdrifts, boulders and trees and churned through a slide 50 feet long and 25 feet wide to reach the lodge. The car swayed and bounced, threatened more than once to overturn, but Ford kept it going in the face of a bitter, driving snow that obscured visibility and seemed bent on holding the rescue party back.

In the meantime, another detail of ski troopers had set out for the other side of the divide where several persons and cars were buried and helpless in the deep drifts. Cpl. Richard Holmes of Northeast Harbor, Maine; Cpl. Epiphanio Lopez of Ogden, Utah, and Pvt. Frank Piccini of Bridgeport, Conn., were in this party, which climbed the 10 miles to the top of Berthoud Pass to dig the victims out and render first aid to the injured.

One of the most severely injured was Lt. Helen Barr Durfee of Los Angeles, Calif., a WAVES recruiting officer in Denver. She was suffering from a back injury and by the next day needed an opiate. The troopers went after it, down the treacherous mountainside to Granby, Colo., and returned in two hours and 31 minutes. Lt. Durfee was strapped on a toboggan and the men fought their way through the storm again to bring her to a clear point on the road far below the pass where they were to be met by an Echo Lake ambulance.

Cpl. Frank Hockaday of Cascade Mountains, Wash., the driver of the ambulance, himself ran into trouble on the way up. His vehicle stalled and, in the bitter cold and driving snow, Hockaday located the trouble in the feed line, made the needed repairs and took off again for the meeting place.

The storm raged for three days and nights while the Echo Lake detail, joined by two others from the station, S/Sgt. Fritz Segebarth and S/Sgt. George Garrett, looked to the welfare of the trapped civilians. The injured were taken by toboggan, snow vehicle and ambulance to hospitals in the valley. The rest were cared for until snow plows broke through the drifts across the road from the lodge and freed them.

—Cpl. RICHARD JACOBS

GI Sleuth Fingers Gun-Stealing Gang

Stewart Field, N. Y.—There are two civilians now in the hands of Federal authorities who must be damned sorry they ever had a drink with Sgt. Thomas W. Sprowls of the 320th Hq. Sq. If they had not figured the husky GI to be a sucker and been taken in by his ready agreement with their plans, they might have been able to go on adding to their stock pile of stolen ammunition, carbines and gun parts. They're in custody now, and the part Sgt. Sprowls played in their capture is strictly out of the detective-story books.

The sergeant ambled into a bar one evening, and the sight of his uniform seems to have aroused fighting instincts in one of the civilians standing nearby. The fight never came off; someone intervened, but the outcome of it all was that Sprowls found himself with a couple of new buddies, eager to drink with him.

Several meetings followed. The trio got chummier and chummier, and Sgt. Sprowls' original suspicions, aroused by the civilians' undue interest in military activities, seemed to be well founded. One evening the men laid their cards on the table. They wanted ammunition for carbines. They wanted him (wasn't he their pal?) to get it for them. Would he help them?

"What's in it for me?" the sergeant demanded.

Knowing that Sprowls was interested in hunting, they offered him a carbine.

"It's a deal," the sergeant said.

The next day Sprowls took his story to his CO, Maj. Richard A. Whitlock. Army Intelligence and the FBI were alerted, and a plan was devised.

Tom met his two friends the following week end. He told them he wanted to see the gun they'd promised him. He was driven to a house in the country where he was shown the gun. They shot a few clips to show him that it worked all right. It wasn't a very pleasant spot for Sprowls, but he returned safely and with names he gave to the authorities. He repeated the trip the following week, and this time he memorized the route to the house.

Arrests followed immediately and with them the recovery of 40 carbines and about 2,000 rounds of ammunition—all stolen from the Government ordnance plant nearby.

Taken into custody were Oscar F. Howell, 26, and George M. Warren, 51, employees of a large manufacturing plant in Poughkeepsie. They were charged with stealing Government property.

—Pvt. RAY DULYE

Sgt. Thomas W. Sprowls started his sleuthing career with a beer and a near fight, but netted two crooks

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pfc. Martha Gayle gave out flowers.

Feminine Appeal

Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind.—Dances here for the enlisted men were not going over so well. The GIs seemed bent on staying away, until the Wacs took over the sponsorship of the weekly affairs.

A group headed by Pfc. Nancy Hotchkiss of Stamford, Conn., and Pfc. Nan Rice of Niles, Mich., decorated the post field house with cut-outs of huge tropical fruits, palm trees and colorful murals. Pfc. Martha Gayle, a motor-pool driver from Ocala, Fla., dressed as Carmen Miranda and handed out fresh flowers to every girl who came. The South American theme was carried out further by the playing of congas and tangos by the swing band, bright costumes for the checkroom girls and an intermission floor show MCd by Pfc. Lee Lilly.

Attendance was phenomenal. More than 1,000 GIs were fed and entertained. Asked how they got such a crowd, one Wac said: "Well, we got permission to have our posters pasted on the mirrors of the most frequented room in the men's barracks."

Parallel Careers

Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.—The careers of the brothers Schusteritsch reveal a parallel which one of them, Pfc. Robert Schusteritsch, feels is noteworthy. Robert and his brother Harry, also a pfc., started out in Co. C of different Combat Engineer battalions—Harry in the 302d and Robert in the 322d. Harry was in the 2d Squad, 2d Platoon; Robert in the 3d Squad, 3d Platoon.

Harry was drafted on Mar. 23, 1942. Robert followed him in, 11 months later, on Feb. 23, 1943. Harry got his first furlough on Jan. 23, 1943; six months later, to the day, Robert got his. They furloughed again, this time together, on Feb. 23 of this year. Both went through the Louisiana maneuvers, both are expert riflemen and both have the Good Conduct Medal.

Harry is now overseas, but Robert may join him—just to keep the parallel rolling along.

camp news

Can't Please Everybody

Lincoln Army Air Field, Nebr.—Cpl. Roy Murphy, in charge of an hour period devoted to hobbies in the convalescent-training program at the station hospital, found one GI who looked unusually sad. The man just sat and stared into space and seemed to have no interest in what the other men were doing or saying.

Walking over to the man, Cpl. Murphy solicitously asked him what the trouble was, explained the theory of the program and the beneficial effects of having a hobby. The soldier nodded wordlessly and when Murphy asked, "What's *your* hobby, soldier?" the reply came back forlornly:

"My hobby is women!"

AROUND THE CAMPS

Stuttgart Army Air Field, Ark.—Sgt. Bob Finkelstein of the PRO here was told by his PT instructor to take his exercises in the gym and not risk his heavy-lensed glasses with the rest of the men who were undergoing more rugged calisthenics and athletics outdoors. Finkelstein figured he'd gotten a break until he walked into the gym to be hit in the face by a medicine ball, which shattered the glasses.

Camp Barkeley, Tex.—Returning from a furlough, Pvt. Donald Finley of Co. D, 63d Med. Tng. Bn., was called upon for assistance when a woman in the same coach was delivered of a baby. The conductor enlisted Finley's help when he noticed the caduceus on the soldier's collar. Finley failed to explain, after the delivery was over, that his medical basic training had been in the MRTC chauffeur's school.

Malden Army Air Field, Mo.—Cpl. Nelson J. Ivins of the 445th Air Base Sq. has devised a wooden screw that can't be loosened by engine vibrations and will remain tight in wood and plastics against the rotating action of wheels and levers. Barbs on the threads open in the opposite direction from the threading itself and are staggered to open alternately toward the point and head ends of the screw.

Camp Reynolds, Pa.—On the theory that soldiers like to "see before they eat," a model tray is set up at the serving counter in one of the mess halls here to enable soldiers to decide what foods they want. The idea is the brain child of T/Sgt. George Beasley and has resulted in a considerable reduction in waste.

George Field, Ill.—Some cookies, sent to the Service Club by a group of girls from Newton, Ill., were offered to S/Sgt. Richard Baldo of the SSO. He picked the largest and bit into it to find concealed within a piece of paper which contained the name and address of the girls. The slip said: "Please write."

Camp Mackall, N. C.—Pfc. John Somael of the Medics returned from the 14th Annual National Open Tournament in St. Louis, Mo., with the National Table Tennis championship secure in his grasp. Somael, 20, nosed out the defending champion, Billy Holzrichter, in the semifinal round and took the crown after a tough match with A/C Leslie Lowry.

Buckingham Army Air Field, Fla.—Sgt. Walter F. Nolan received a letter from a friend stationed at Valdosta, Ga., who reported having seen one of Nolan's posters tacked up in a latrine there. Nolan and Cpl. William H. Styers are in the base reproduction office here and have turned out scores of posters for this post and for gunnery schools throughout this flying training command. The Navy and the British Army have also used the Nolan-Styers posters, and the two men have designed many covers for gunnery publications.

Camp Wolters, Tex.—On the premise that music helps morale, bands at the IRTC here have developed the novel idea of becoming roving troubadours of good cheer. Whenever the roving units come upon a group of sad sacks, they stop and give out with something from their extensive repertoire. Tops was "We Did It Before and We Can Do It Again," rendered for a group of GIs doing KP.

Fort Sill, Okla.—When regular paper balers were undergoing repairs and a substitute had to be found to keep paper-salvage operations going, M Sgt. Henry Nebeling and T-5 Sanford Goldberg constructed one at a total cost of less than $2. The new baler, it was found, is more satisfactory than the old ones and has stepped up production more than 50 percent.

MacDill Field, Fla.—Cpl. Hannibal H. Hill Jr., a trumpeter with the Negro band here, was acclaimed the country's highest ranking Eagle Scout by the *Fly Paper*, post paper. Hill, a Boy Scout since he was 11, is the possessor of 98 merit badges, just nine short of the maximum possible.

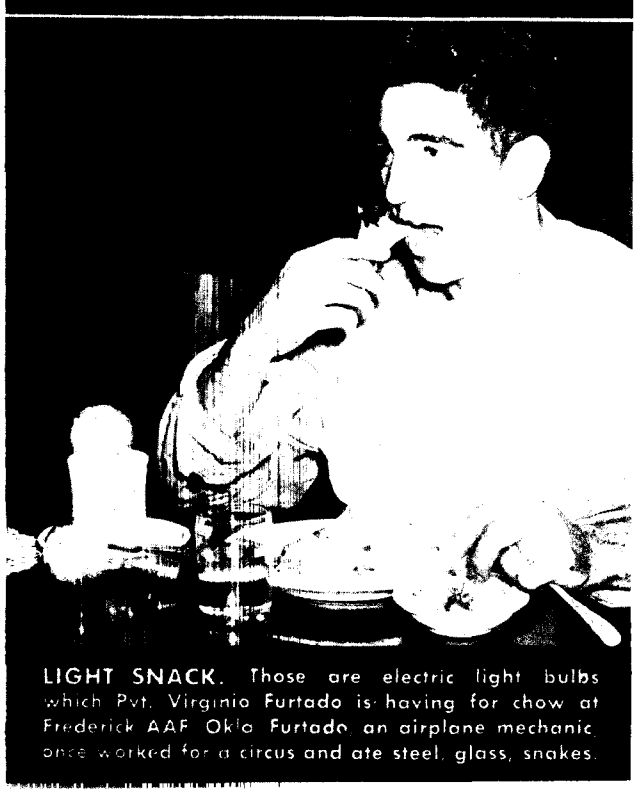
TO THE POINT

Camp Roberts, Calif.—An Infantry trainee was pulling his first tour of guard duty when an officer stepped up to question him. "Guard," he said, "what is your fifth general order?"

The neophyte guard answered without batting an eyelash: "Thou shalt not kill."

LIKES IT. Capt James Leftwich (below, left) greeted ex-Maj. William D. Darnell, 51, retired as over age in grade, when he appeared at Fort Dix, N. J., for reenlistment. Top, right: Darnell, in again as a sergeant, is taking the oath.

WAC SECOND. "He can't hurt us!" is probably what Cpl. Judith Braun of Camp Edwards, Mass., is saying to Tom Flynn, 135-pounder in boxing tourney.



LIGHT SNACK. Those are electric light bulbs which Pvt. Virginio Furtado is having for chow at Frederick AAF, Okla. Furtado, an airplane mechanic, once worked for a circus and ate steel, glass, snakes.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sunday at Sanananda

This is the Huggins perimeter

As you are standing, Gona's ahead of you.
The green desert of Papua and Dutch New Guinea
Beyond it; beyond the Halmahera Sea, the islands of Molucca
And the far-off places of the Moros and the temple worshipers.

To your left are the Owen Stanleys—
The spinal column of the Papuan tortoise;
And behind you the mightiest of the oceans,
Though from here it is only a breath and a sigh.

To your right, a scant mile up this devious, bucolic trail,
Around many a bend, through the haunted, primordial tangle.
Past dugout and slit trench, by ford across tropical rivers,
Through mud to your thighs, and the murmuring clouds of mosquitoes.
Through *kunai* and sun . . . oh, when you get there
You'll know . . . you'll not mistake it, this hell hole:
The bloody black sands, the brown tainted sea water—
This Point Sanananda . . .

Don't mind the skeletons. We haven't had time to remove them;
And while we sit here with hands limply folded,
We haven't the heart.

No, it isn't the heat or the dampness;
And it certainly isn't sickness, at least not physical sickness—
Though they may come later, the retching, the spewing.
They had it, these grandsons of Heaven,
These stench-making ex-patriots lately of Honshu:
From the slums of Kyoto, from gay Nagasaki,
These pallid-complexioned mother's sons from the rice paddies,
From fermenting Formosa and the smokes of Fujisan . . .
They had the sickness, and not wholly the fevers,
Though the swamp miasmata weren't the least of it.

And so here's what is left of them . . . hell, I don't wonder
Your face grows a bit green . . . it's not a sweet atmosphere
Here with the cadavers.

But after you've slept with them—
There's Charlie the brainless one; and Henry the Horror.
He was clever at sniping, but my cobber resented him,
And even the tree-boys are shy at machine guns!

That beautiful specimen under the quarter-ton
Will have to grow features or else his ancestors
Might fail to remember him among the chrysanthemums
In the honorable Heaven of Japanese heroes . . .

But these are the harmless ones, if you wait until nightfall
You won't be misled by the quiet out yonder,
They're clever, resourceful, and they're not the half of it

The jungle draws in on you, the sound of the wild things
Keeps your heart in your gullet, and I'd not advise you
To sleep with both eyes closed, for fear you might yield to it—
To sleep—for above all, give the go-by to nightmares.
You see, there's the nightmares, and the start-up in cold sweat,
The scream that you can't suppress though the darkness is listening;
And the terror remembered, of the sudden reversal
When these foul, bloody messes that lie here so motionless
Became boys from Brooklyn or Terre Haute or Omaha,
And you recognize all of them and hear the low crying
Just before the death rattle, since none of them wants to die.

And the shadowy shapes glide around in the midst of them,
And the glinting of bayonets and the steaming red rivers
Of warm blood gushing soundlessly . . .

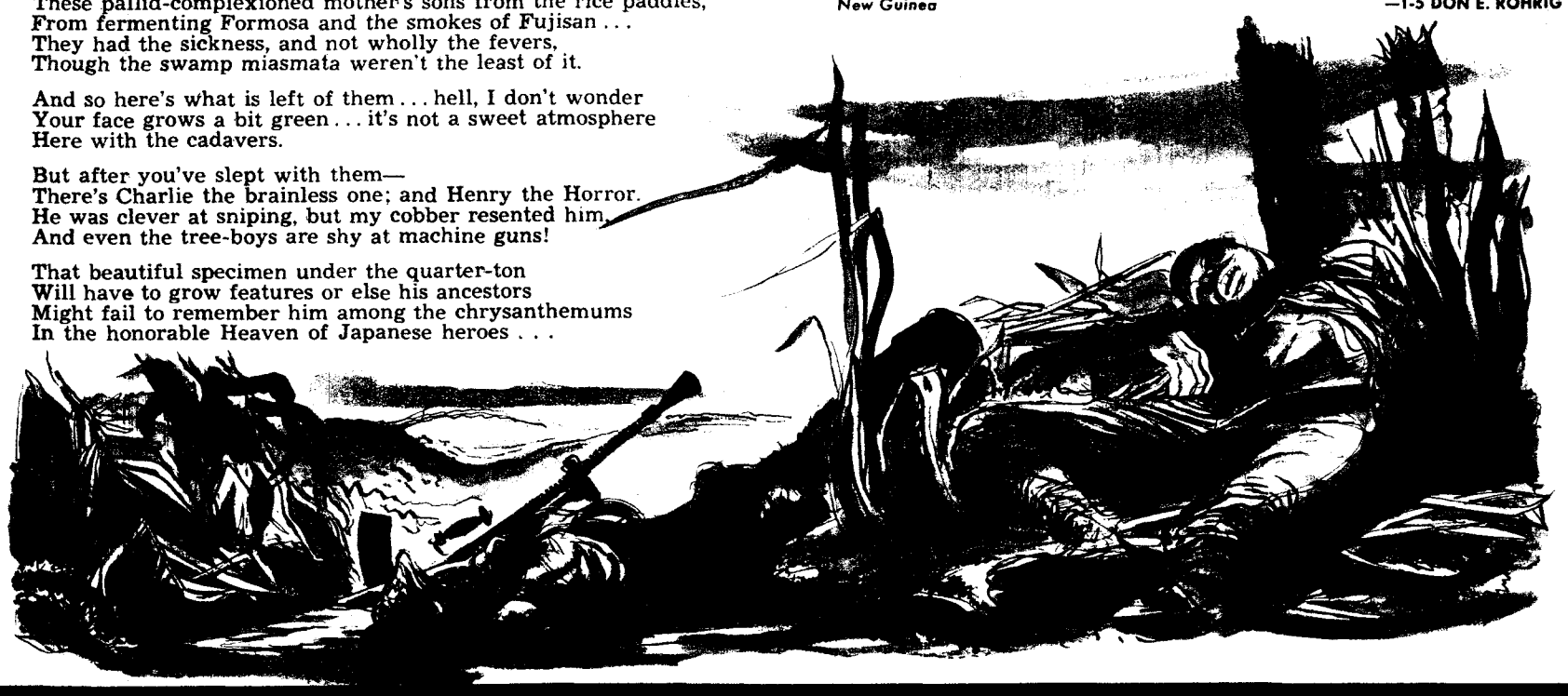
You're pale . . . you're pulling out . . . back to the cities?
Glamorous cities up and down the land.

Well, don't let me detain you
With ranting and preaching. That's just our habit here.
Your blood turns to wormwood.

Though here it is Sunday
We forget the days. Just tell your newspaper
That the boys are still pushing, the Japs still pocketed.

You'd better tone down a bit—don't tell them too much of it—
Of the corpses and skeletons, the stink and the filthiness
On Point Sanananda.

New Guinea —T-5 DON E. ROHRIG



NAVY NOTES

TRANSITION. The Naval Air Station at Hutchinson, Kans., has been given over to the training of pilots and air crewmen for Navy Liberator bombers. The crews will be assembled there and given advanced training as a team before going to combat areas. Hutchinson was formerly a primary training base. . . . The Marine Base at Camp Elliott, near San Diego, Calif., has been turned over to the Navy as a personnel-distribution center. At one time Elliott was the chief training center for the Pacific Fleet Marine Force.

Specially designated Civil Readjustment Officers will soon be appointed at all stations where men are discharged. The officers will give legal and vocational assistance for as long as three months after discharge, if necessary.

The Navy has cut its quota of men for the flight-training program and will increase the quality rather than the quantity of future Navy flyers. As one step, men now in V-12 college units will spend three terms in the classroom instead of two.

BUREAU OF MEDICINE. BuMed records show that a man having ample water but no food can survive for 30 days or longer, if he takes it easy. But the maximum recorded survival at sea *without water* is only 11 days. . . . Men who get "cat fever," the Navy's term for any respiratory infection involving a fever, respond well to sulfadiazine in tests, but this treatment has not been accepted as standard.

Clifford Johnson, 22, the Coast Guardsman who was burned on 65 percent of his body in the Cocoanut Grove fire in Boston, has finally gone back home to Sumner, Mo., after a year in the hospital. During his hospitalization he received nearly 100 blood transfusions and had 17,000 skin grafts, many of them only pin point in size.

CONSTRUCTION BATTALIONS. Seabees and Marines on a quiet island in the South Pacific recently held amphibious war games to break the monotony. Invading Seabees overpowered the Marine defenders and won the island in a final bayonet assault.

Seabees of CBMU 518 were at sea for 3½ months en route to their base. By the time they disembarked they had completed 60 projects for a total of 12,000 man-hours of work on the ship. . . . Men of one CB unit have built dugouts beneath the floor of their tent. When an air raid sounds they just roll out of bed and underground.

A Seabee in the 20th Battalion who purchased a giant pearl from an unsuspecting native for only $7 was later forced to turn it over to his outfit so it could be placed back in the Chinese checkers game from whence the native had swiped it.

—ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ Y2c

HER screen biography informs us that K. T. Stevens is not really K. T. Stevens but Gloria Wood, daughter of the director, Sam Wood. We do not think anyone ought to worry about this girl's name. Most of the time she's going to be called darling, anyway. Columbia Pictures is showing her around right now in "Address Unknown."

CHANGE OF ADDRESS If you are a YANK subscriber and have changed your address, use this coupon together with the mailing address on your latest YANK to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

Full Name and Rank Order No.

OLD MILITARY ADDRESS

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS

Allow 21 days for change of address to become effective

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNIFORS
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

An Olive on the Side

I DON'T ask much of life—just a syringe of Red Eye every morning for breakfast and an occasional hamburger at the PX in the evening. It was in this frame of mind that I entered the PX the other evening after the first show at the base theater.

I took my place at the end of the queue, which I found to be at the north end of commode No. 4, which location has long been fabulous as the starting point of some of the most authentic of the rumors that sweep across the tundra out here with such monotonous regularity. It wasn't more than three-quarters of an hour before I reached the counter and ordered a cup of Red Eye with an olive on the side and one hamburger without horseshoes.

The cashier asked if I were going to pay cash or sign a statement of charges. Since I was paid just three scant months ago, I said I would pay cash, caressing her jugular vein at the same time. She naively accepted my counterfeit twenty, smudging the picture of Willkie with her moist little hands.

Hardly had I sunk my teeth in my H-burger on R when a busboy descended on me, waving a damp cloth. Before I could grind an eyelash the table was cleared of everything, including my pack of imported Hack cigarettes, which had just arrived on the *Gripsholm*. I told this thyroid case that he could do what he wanted with my hamburger and cigarettes, but if he as much as harmed a hair in my cup of Red Eye, I wouldn't be responsible for what happened.

The man wilted. He picked up my piece of horsemeat from the garbage can, placed it back between the roll—which had been all but trampled into the floor by that time—and returned it to me, apologizing profusely.

I had just started on the second half of my Hialeah Special when this same glandular creature approached again, sneaking up from behind me this time, and jerked the burger, together with my teeth, from my mouth. Employing my Flying Wedge tackle, for which I had become famous during the eight years I spent as a sophomore at Vassar (but that's another story), I brought the beast down under the coke machine.

In a semiconscious condition, he told me that he was doing piecework and that for every thousand tables he cleaned he received an extra opium pill. On hearing this I felt sorry for him, punched his card and gave him 30 seconds of rather shallow sympathy. Then I released him with a gentle but firm warning to keep himself and his damp rag the hell away from my table.

As it was getting late, I decided to leave before the candles in my barn were blown out. You see, we have individual sleeping compartments. You'll find me in Section 8.

Pratt Army Air Field, Kans. —Pfc. JOHN DUFFY

"Hit the dirt, you fool!"
—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell, Santa Ana AAB, Calif.

"Taxi, sir?"
—Sgt. Sidney Landi, AAC, Richmond, Va.

FAIR WEAR AND TEAR

Gaze not at this blouse with its torn, frayed edges
Like a deserted home with unpruned hedges,
Nor at these slacks which tend toward halvage,
For Tuesday's the day they go in for salvage.

Patterson Field, Ohio —Sgt. LEE ALLMAN

The First Reader

IT was hard to tell which of the groups, the guards or the guarded, showed greater distaste for the command snapped out against the rain by the louey in a trench coat. He looked so weatherproof standing there that the enlisted men before him felt their tent-sized raincoats to the last square inch.

"All right, men," the officer was directing, "take these prisoners out to the garbage truck for the afternoon collection. I want every can, box and barrel emptied—and I don't want to see the stuff flying around the streets, either. Keep it inside the vehicle till you get rid of it at the incinerator. Report back here when you're through."

He paused a moment, then asked the usual question: "Any questions?"

There weren't any, except the usual silent one about why the war wasn't over and the whole thing done with. But no one said a word. The prisoners, young fellows who moved about as if the tensely pointed carbines in the hands of the guards were not there, mounted the truck with ease. The two guards cursed their weapons for getting in their way and clambered on.

The rain kept coming down, messing the miscellaneous trash as it kept piling up on the truck floor. The raindrops hit broken liquor and Coca-Cola bottles, bounced off onto covers of packages from home, trickled among old stationery, hair ointment, shoe-polish cans, toothless combs, ripped socks, magazines and cigarette containers crumpled with emptiness. The guards looked on in wonder as their prisoners rummaged through the collection with the zest of bearded beggars. It was hard to see what they could hope to find there of any value or use, but of course prisoners are hardly permitted even to stroll past PX counters for their needs. The guards exchanged silent glances of uncomfortable sympathy.

Suddenly one of the prisoners straightened up from his digging. There was a neatly tied packet of letters in his hand, and he untied the string as if he were opening a door. The ends of the string falling as the knot came loose caught the eyes of the other men with the power of a strip tease. Out of the trash and the rain and the starting and stopping of the truck had come an invitation to walk into the places and meet the people behind those letters.

The finder walked to a corner of the truck, lurching forward as the vehicle came to a sudden stop.

"Go ahead, Bob," he said to his fellow prisoner, "you get this barrel. I found me something good here."

"What yuh got?" asked the other.

"Letters."

The guards stirred uneasily at the incident and the talk. Neither was permitted to happen, according to the lecture they had received when reporting for guard duty that morning. Yet they would feel rather foolish telling the prisoners that what had taken place must not be done. The morning tour had been awfully dull and tense at the same time—following the prisoners about as they scrubbed the mess-hall floor, escorting them right into the latrine and keeping the loaded carbines cradled for possible use.

The prisoner who had picked up the letters broke into their indecision with a shout of enthusiasm.

"By God, if that guy ain't the guy, though. Look here, what she says." He was crouched in a corner, one letter opened for reading, the others waiting in his lap. "She says: 'I love you, you honey, and I remember every second of that night in Nashville.' Man in hell, did you ever see such stuff one man has on the ball?"

His eyes, as he read aloud, were aglow with the excitement of living another man's night. The rain, the dirty collection of garbage, the AWOL court-martial sentence had vanished. There was only his intense interest in the letters.

He continued to read—now lapsing into quick mumblings and then bursting forth again into excited exclamations. The other prisoner, having heard the good tidings, had quickly emptied his barrel and was standing near the guards, another thing that was against regulations.

The guards said nothing. Without succeeding, they tried to feign disinterest; their ears and eyes would not play the game. Instead, the voice of the prisoner and the love deeds it spoke dominated them.

"Hey, listen to this: 'I stand here before my bathroom mirror and think of how you kissed me on the neck. I love you so, darling. Please don't tell me you can't make it this Saturday. I'll be waiting.' Boy, that's the third different dame in nine letters. No wonder an enlisted man ain't got a chance."

The sound of the prisoner's reading was like a shelter from the rain. The men, all of the men, took cover under it.

Camp Campbell, Ky. —Pvt. ARTHUR SCHUTZER

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPORTS: "McGRAW OF THE GIANTS" WAS A TWO-FISTED GENIUS

By Sgt. JOE McCARTHY

FRANK GRAHAM, the former sports columnist of the New York *Sun* who now edits things athletic for the picture magazine *Look*, has just written a new book called "McGraw of the Giants" [Putnam's, $2.75], which we hope the Council of Books in Wartime will remodel into a hip-pocket-sized pulp edition for GIs overseas.

Graham's study of John McGraw, the famous Giant manager whose toughness makes Leo Durocher seem like one of the Bobsey Twins, is described by the author as an "informal biography," but it brings the subject into clearer focus than most of the so-called formal biographies we have read. The book covers McGraw's career from his birth in Truxton, N. Y., in 1873 until his death in 1934, and it overlooks nothing.

It tells how McGraw developed such stars as Christy Mathewson, Ross Young, George Burns, Frank Frisch, Bill Terry (who came to him as a pitcher), Carl Hubbell and Mel Ott. And it tells about his baseball genius. Like the time in the World Series of 1923 when the Yankees were trailing him 4 to 1 in the eighth inning but Babe Ruth was at the plate with the bases full. Bill Ryan came in to pitch for the Giants and managed to get two strikes on the Babe. McGraw sent a message to Snyder, his catcher, who walked out to the mound and gave it to Ryan.

"The Old Man says to throw the next one into the dirt," Snyder said.

Ryan stared at him.

"Throw it at his feet," Snyder said. "The Old Man says he will swing at it no matter where you throw it. Put everything you have on it but throw it right at his spikes."

So Ryan wound up and fired a fast ball at Ruth's feet, and the Babe swung, missed and struck out.

But Graham doesn't look at McGraw through rose-colored glasses. He also tells about the many occasions when John acted like a thug and a heel. There was the time in 1917 when John K. Tener, president of the National League, fined him $500 and suspended him for 14 days for smashing an umpire in the face with a right-hand punch. McGraw was furious. He gave Sid Mercer, the New York baseball writer, a statement for all the papers that said Tener was a stooge of the Phillies and unfair to the rest of the league. But when Tener summoned him to a hearing later, McGraw claimed Mercer and the other sports writers had lied and misquoted him.

But like almost everybody else who fought with McGraw, Mercer didn't stay mad more than a few years.

One of the few Giants who did stay sore at McGraw was Freddy Lindstrom. He considered himself a great third baseman and never forgave John for switching him into the outfield. Like a lot of other players on the team, Lindstrom became increasingly irritated with the tight control McGraw exercised over the club in his later years. "It got so that they couldn't make a move without looking to him for a sign, as though they had no brains of their own," writes Graham.

One day during a spring-training-tour game at Oakland, Calif., McGraw decided to turn the team over to Dave Bancroft and watch the game from the sunny centerfield bleachers. Mrs. McGraw, sitting in a box near the dugout, didn't know whether or not her husband planned to stay for the entire game and wanted Lindstrom to ask him about it the next time he went to his centerfield position. She tried to call Lindstrom from the bench, but he didn't hear her. Finally a sports writer yelled at him and he came to Mrs. McGraw's box. She shook her finger at him playfully and said:

"Freddy! Why don't you pay attention?"

Lindstrom was astonished.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "Are you giving signs, too?"

SOME of the best stories in Graham's book about McGraw concern the notable drunks who have appeared through the years in the Giant line-up. There was the famous Bugs Raymond, for instance. McGraw sent all of Bugs' money to his wife and hired a companion to watch him in a vain effort to keep him off the hard stuff, but the companion quit one night when Bugs threatened to beat him up. Finally one day at the Polo Grounds, during a game with the Pirates, McGraw lost patience with Bugs.

Rube Marquard, the Giant pitcher, was in a jam, and McGraw sent Raymond to the bull pen to warm up for a relief job. Marquard managed to get out of the hole but a few innings later he was in trouble again, and McGraw waved Raymond into the game.

"Bugs threw a few warm-up pitches and then was ready," McGraw said later. "Hans Wagner was batting, and the first pitch went over his head, scoring a runner from third and advancing another from first to third. Then Wagner hit the next pitch back to Bugs, and Bugs, instead of throwing to first base for an easy out to end the inning, not only made the play at the plate but threw the ball over Meyers' head. I called him in.

"As he walked toward me I saw that he was staggering slightly, and when he got right up to me, I saw he was stiff. Do you know what he had done? When I sent him to the bull pen, he kept on going right out of the park and across Eighth Avenue to one of those ratty little gin mills that used to be there and traded in the new ball for three quick shots of third-rail whisky.

"That was the finish. I told him to go to the clubhouse, take off his uniform, get out —and never come back. He never did, either."

Many characters in Graham's history of the McGraw era bear a striking similarity to the rookie in the Ring Lardner story who kept the water running all night in the bathtub of his hotel room because it reminded him of the brook back home. The great Larry Doyle was an innocent child when McGraw brought him up from the Three Eye League in 1907.

Graham mentions the first time Doyle went to bat against the Brooklyn club. Old Bill Bergen, the Dodger catcher, said to him:

"You look like a nice young fellow. What's your name?"

"Doyle, sir."

"Doyle, eh? Do you like it up here in the big leagues?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what do you like to hit?"

"A fast ball," Larry said.

"On the outside?"

"No, sir. The inside."

"High?"

"No, sir. Not too high."

Bergen nodded understandingly, pulled his mask over his face and squatted down to give the signal for the next pitch. Needless to say, Larry didn't hit anything out of the infield that afternoon. He broke his back swinging at high, outside curves.

McGraw knocking fly balls to his outfielders when the Giants trained at Augusta, Ga.

PRODUCED 2004 BY ARLINGTON
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"KYNCH IS A GREAT ONE FOR GADGETS, ISN'T HE?"
—Sgt. Frank Brandt and Pvt. Theodore Ruth

"HE'S BEEN RECALLED AS A FAILURE—SIX MONTHS IN COMBAT AND HIS TROOPS NEVER NICKNAMED HIM."
—Pvt. Willard G. Levitas

"SIR, I'VE BEEN IN THE ARMY THREE YEARS NOW AND I'VE DECIDED TO REENLIST."
—Cpl. Ralph Newman

YANK BLANK NO. 100

Believe it or not, this is the 100th issue of YANK. You may not have seen them all, but there's no time like the present to start getting each new issue of YANK as it is published.

ENTER YOUR SUBSCRIPTION *NOW!*

PRINT FULL NAME AND RANK

MILITARY ADDRESS

2-48

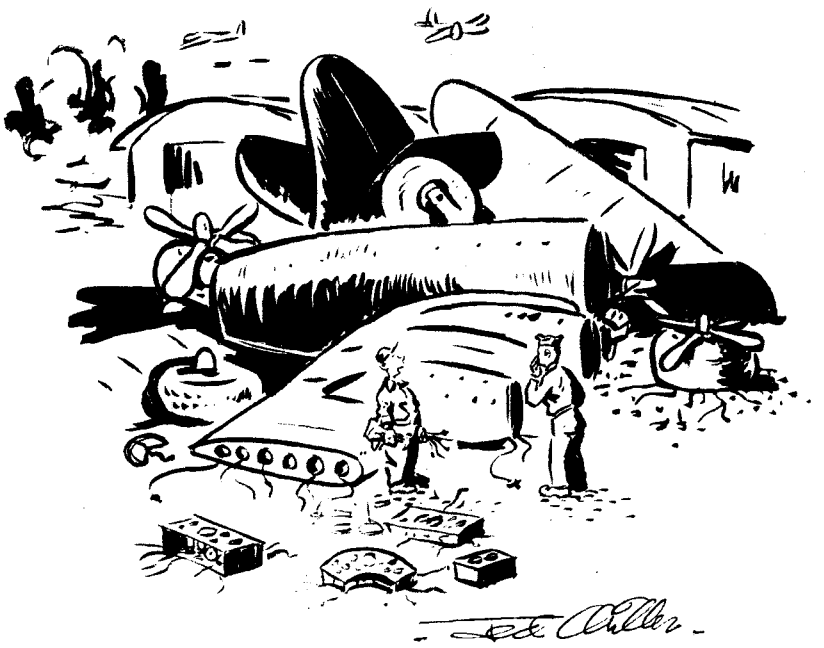
PLEASE CHECK—*New* ☐ *Renewal* ☐

ONE YEAR *(52 ISSUES)* ☐ $2.00
6 MONTHS *(26 ISSUES)* ☐ $1.00

Enclose check or money order and mail to:

YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE ACCEPTED ONLY FOR MEMBERS OF THE ARMED FORCES



"I JUST WANTED TO FIND OUT WHAT MAKES IT TICK."
—M Sgt. Ted Miller

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED